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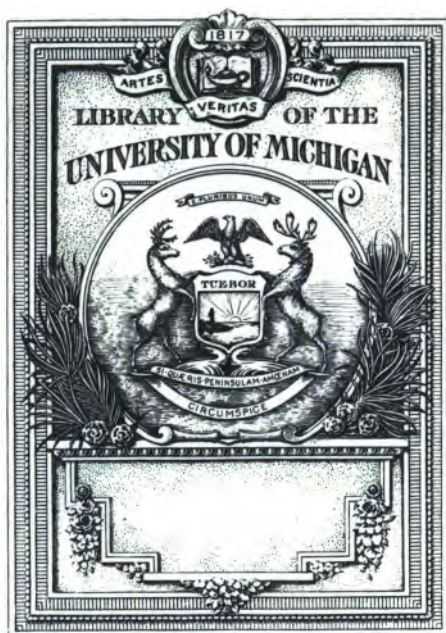
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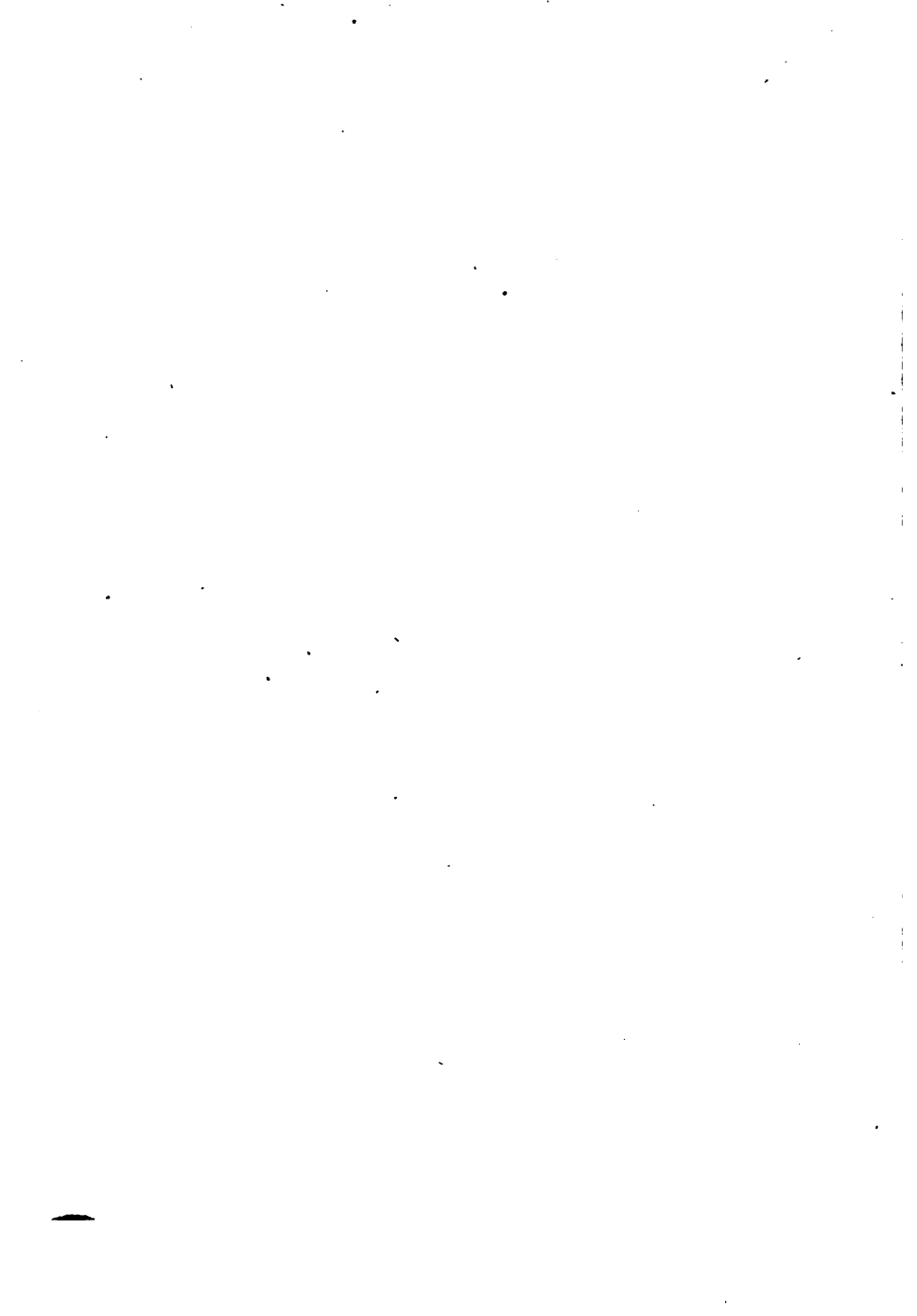
To Mrs. James H. Campbell  
A lover of our Michigan woods  
and trails

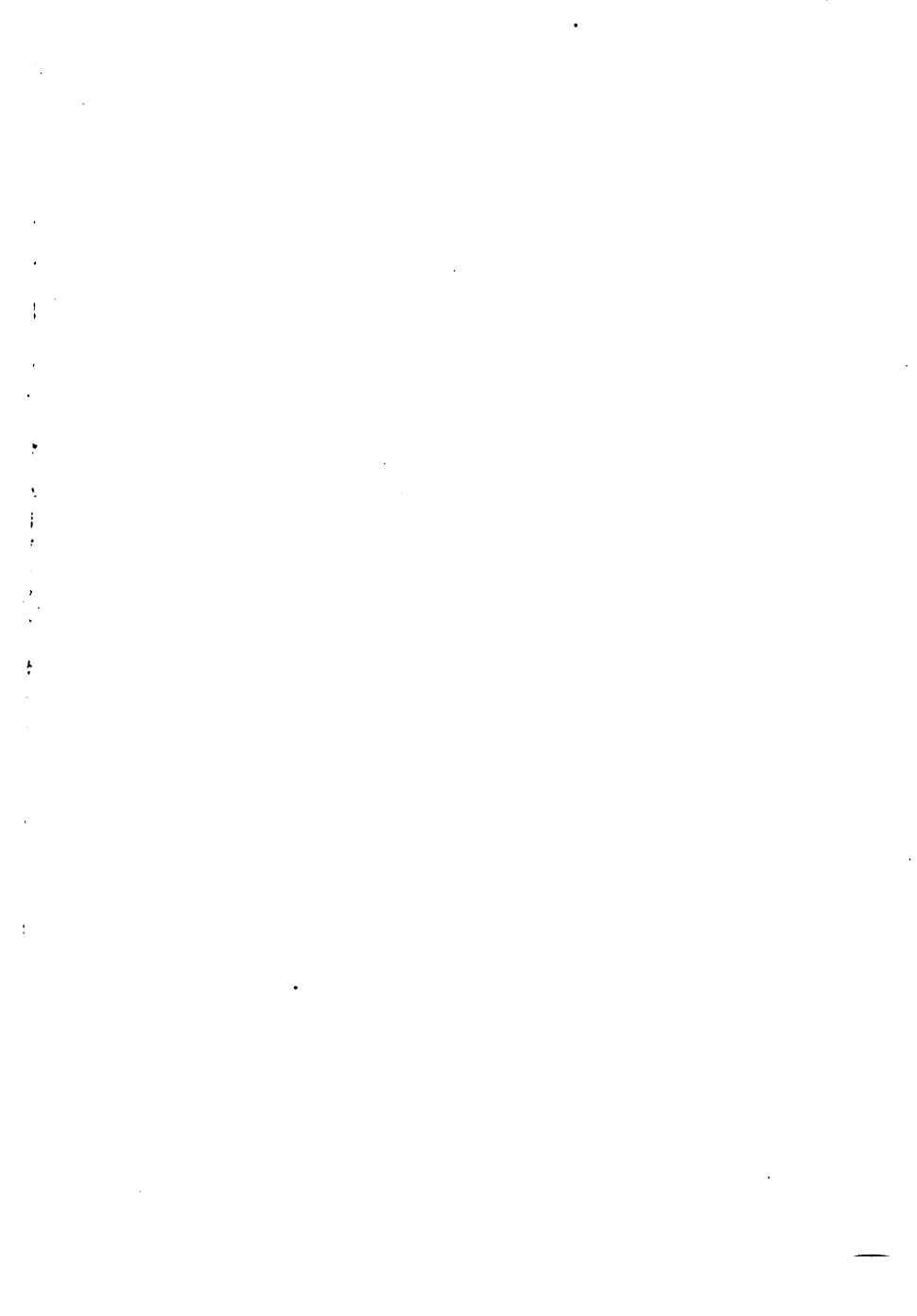
With compliments and best  
wishes of the author.

May this little volume add  
a little to her enjoyment  
of the Great Outdoors.

John C. Wright

Crooked Tree Glen  
Harbor Springs, Mich.  
Sept. 28, 1917.







JOHN C. WRIGHT

# NORTHERN BREEZES

By JOHN C. WRIGHT

author of

## "The Crooked Tree"

*This is not a volume of "free  
verse", being One Dollar and  
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Bequest of Mrs. James  
Hunting Campbell

1-29-32

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## **NORTHERN BREEZES**



Where zephyrs steal softly through balsam and pine,  
And the soul feels the joy of a love that's divine.

**ILLUSTRATED**

**Wisdom of the Woods:**

**Never hurry,  
Never worry.**

## GREETINGS

*If to the North you cannot go,  
In search of health or pleasure;  
May Northern Breezes to you blow,  
A bit of Northern treasure.*

*With just a glint of summer sun,  
And breath of field and flower;  
May they afford when work is done,  
A pleasant, cheerful hour.*

*Sincerely yours,*

*John C. Wright*







"A BIT OF NORTHERN TREASURE"

## MY THEME

Perhaps I lack poetic poise,  
    Perhaps my technic's wrong;  
But on my theme lay not the blame,  
The North stands back of every claim,  
    And bids me sing my song.  
I have no magic mixtures,  
    That trickle from my pen;  
I only paint such pictures  
    As greet me, now and then.  
I'm sure I have abundant plot,  
    And inspiration, too,  
In woods of green and red and gold,  
    And skies and waters blue.  
Most anyone could write them up,  
    If he were here to see;  
A Shelley or a Burns or Keats  
    Could bloom on every tree.  
So if you doubt it learn about it,  
    Is all I ask of you;  
Come up this way a summer's day,  
    Is all you need to do.

## WALK WITH ME TODAY

If you are sad and lonely,  
And filled with deep dismay ;  
Pray tarry, friend, a little while,  
And walk with me today—  
Past fields and pleasant woodlands,  
Thru meadows filled with song ;  
Down mossy paths with fresh-grown leaves  
A-smiling all along.  
By streams of limpid laughter,  
Where manitous still play ;  
To lakes of crystal clearness,  
Where elves and fairies stay.  
The trees will whisper stories  
Of bateaux and their crews ;  
Until their lore so fills your soul,  
There'll be no room for "blues."  
And as we leave the woodlands  
And saunter on our way,  
Your cares will all have vanished  
In the pleasures of the day.

## THE TREES

Defying time's relentless march the forests held their  
    sway;  
Thru cycles old in numbers bold they kept their proud  
    array.  
But when the woodsman came anon and slashed into  
    a tree,  
The Birches gathered into clumps such as you often  
    see;  
They grouped in three's and four's and five's and  
    huddled up in fright—  
They clustered in the fields from fear and terror  
    turned them white.  
The Hemlock took a firmer hold and tried to stand  
    his ground;  
The sturdy Elm and mighty Oak both trembled at  
    the sound.  
The Maple was a hardy tree and not disposed to  
    yield;  
His leather bark all weather-seared should prove a  
    worthy shield.  
He said: "You shall not strike me down such efforts  
    I'll resist!"  
Then "knuckles" grew upon his trunk like those upon  
    your fist.  
The Cedar bowed reluctantly above the saddened  
    brook—  
And all the trees for miles and miles put on a sombre  
    look.  
The lofty Pine began to sway and softly sing and  
    sigh;

He seemed to say, "The end is near and all my friends  
will die."  
Then moisture gathered on his boughs and laved the  
earth at dawn,  
And to this day the Pine tree mourns its comrades  
that are gone.

---

## SONG OF THE ROSE-BREASTED GROSBEAK

I've heard grand opera divas soar,  
Caruso sing *Il Trovatore*;  
I've heard the strains that reach the heart,  
And all the thrills of vocal art—  
Crescendos clear, the basso strong—  
Yet never knew the charm of song,  
Until a Grosbeak from a tree  
Poured forth its wondrous melody.  
When all was still it filled the night  
With ecstasies of sweet delight.  
In castle halls I could not dwell,  
If out the moat its music fell;  
I'd follow as a captive slave,  
And all I have I'd give to save  
The sweet content its wild notes bring,  
Whene'er the Grosbeak starts to sing.

## HOME

Where the wild goose wings its way,  
Where the swallows chirp and play;  
Where the deer in freedom roam—  
“Way up North,” I have my home.

Oh, the daisies in the field,  
Oh, the sweets the orchards yield;  
Oh, the charms on every hand  
In this joy-enchanted land.

Where the robin builds its nest,  
Where the song-birds sing their best;  
Where the brightness of the skies  
Makes an earthly paradise.

Where the bluejay gives its call,  
Where the hemlock stands so tall;  
Where the lakes in splendor reach  
To the sandy, pebbled beach.

Where the golden sunsets glow,  
Where the breezes gently blow;  
Underneath the Northern dome—  
Here I'm happy—here is home.

## THE WAVES

They sing their song,  
As they dance along,  
To forest, hill and plain;  
They flash their love  
To the stars above,  
And speak to the wind and rain.

Resplendent and gay,  
In the breezes at play,  
They ripple and roll to the shore;  
Sweeping and leaping,  
Unresting, unsleeping,  
In whitecaps and nightcaps they rumble  
and roar.

Huge billows like pillows,  
White tasselled as willows,  
They are turbulent, choppy and wild;  
Now dashing, now lashing,  
Rebounding and splashing—  
They are angry—then tranquil—then mild.



## NORTHERN PICTURES

In far-away countries over the seas are beautiful  
paintings and sights to please;  
But never a picture one-half so grand as nature has  
hung in this Northern land:

The rocks of Lake Superior,  
Niagara's mighty falls;  
The crags of rugged headlands,  
High flung, with granite walls;  
Great basins, plains and valleys,  
Where giant monarchs grow;  
Glens, glades and pleasant grottoes,  
In sunshine, mist or snow;  
Bays, gulfs and rippling waters,  
Where the sunlight dancing down  
Rears palaces of brilliant hues  
Near the landmarks of some old town;  
Rich gardens in the wildwood,  
Where nature's charm enthalls;  
Many, many moonlit lakes,  
And dancing waterfalls;  
Long lanes thru silent woodlands,  
Where life is wild and free—  
These and a thousand more besides,  
Are the things that appeal to me.  
I gaze across a shimmering lake,  
At a wondrous sunset scene—  
Watch the burst of glowing crimson,  
Dark red and purple green,  
Like the crown of some fabled goddess

Piercing the utmost sky  
And my soul is at rest in the perfect joy  
Of a love that can never die.  
The North is aflame with the sacred fire!  
And my spirit longs to take  
Its flight and follow the sun's decline  
Down yonder behind the lake.

As evening breezes fill the trees,  
In reverential mien,  
I thank the Lord for the earth and skies  
And the gift of this treasured scene.

## WAUGOSHANCE AND SKILLAGALEE

Waugoshance and Skillagalee,  
Guardians of the inland sea;  
    When billows roll  
    And fog bells toll,  
When sailors seek some friendly lee;  
    With what delight  
    They heave in sight  
Of Waugoshance so fair to see,  
Or hear the horn of Skillagalee.

Skillagalee and Waugoshance,  
Watchers grim where the whitecaps  
    dance;  
    When winds are high  
    We pass you by,  
With never a care how the waters  
    prance;  
Though gales may blow  
Our loved ones know  
That sailors have a fighting chance  
Near Skillagalee and Waugoshance.

Waugoshance and Skillagalee,  
The lights that shine for you and for me;  
    The seas we sail,  
    In the toughest gale,  
Abaft the storm in its savage glee!  
    We have no fear  
    As long as we hear  
The fog horn of the Skillagalee,  
Or revolving light of "the Shank"  
    we see.

## SPIRIT OF THE NORTH

Sometimes upon the seashore a mystic maiden stands—  
A spirit of the by-gone days that haunts these Northern lands;

She hides away thruout the day, but when the moon  
is clear,

In bold relief against the lake her figure will appear.  
Her hair is like the silken ferns, like Autumn gold  
her cheeks;

Her eyes are like the stars that shine, sweet music  
when she speaks.

She walks along the pebbled beach and beckons to  
the breeze,

The nectared kisses from her lips she scatters thru  
the trees;

Then running to the woodland's edge she seeks to  
find a trace

Of one she loved long years ago in this sequestered  
place.

She skips along the rocks and reefs and mingles with  
the foam—

I've seen the maiden many times as thru the woods  
I roam;

I've often tried to stay her steps or follow her away—  
She disappears when I draw near and laughs at my  
dismay.

And all about these Northern lands her spirit roams  
and dwells,

And casts a magic charm and spell o'er all the fields  
and dells.

## BIRDMAN

Birdman, birdman, soaring high,  
Sweeping through the boundless sky;  
Turning, gliding, everywhere,  
Like a phantom of the air;  
Things of earth look up to thee,  
Marveling in thy destiny.

Heart of iron, nerves of steel,  
Courage seated at a wheel;  
Seraphs from their realm of bliss  
Winged no better flight than this;  
What do angels think of you,  
Sailing through their heavens blue?

Birdman, birdman, soaring high,  
To the zenith of the sky;  
When thy spirit takes its flight,  
What will be the dizzy height;  
Which the planet; who can tell,  
Where thy soul may rise to dwell?

## THE WEB

The spider draws its glossy thread across  
the window pane,  
And weaves a silken, fairy web, so perfect in each part,  
That all the genius of mankind may strive  
in vain  
To duplicate the little worker's subtle  
art.

---

Such rich designs were never wrought  
In looms across the sea ;  
Such treasure-trove was never bought  
In stores by you or me :

The even mesh, the clever maze,  
The fancy network rich and rare,  
With graceful curves and ample stays :—  
A magic castle in the air !

---

I wonder is it right to kill  
A worker that displays such skill ?

## THE MIRAGE

Quite often, as the morning breaks,  
There comes a moment rare,  
When boatmen on the Northern lakes  
May view a vision fair—

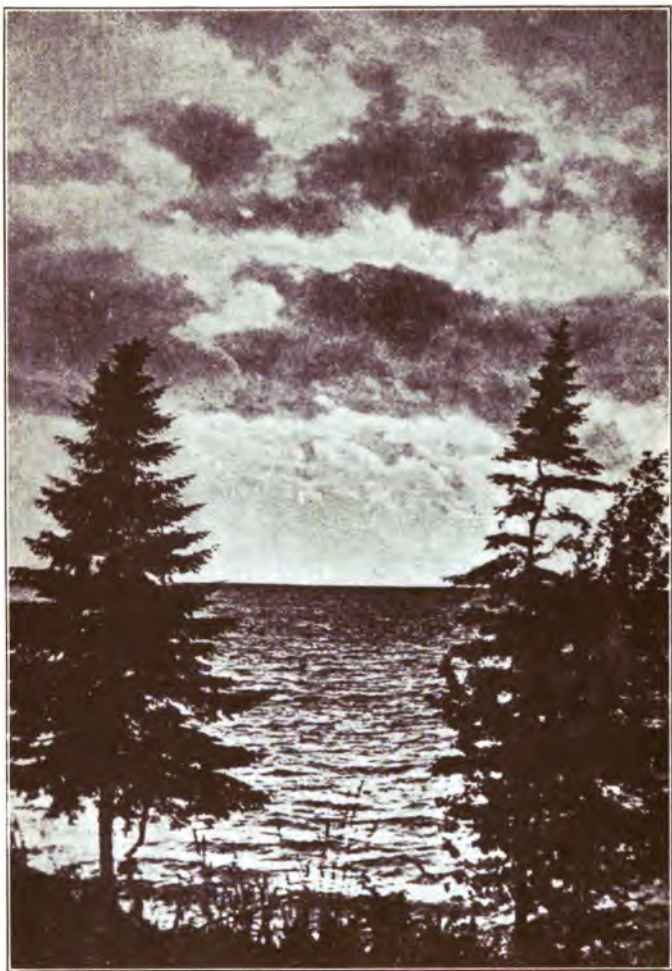
A picture of the sleepy shore  
Projected to such height,  
That what seemed only dross before  
Now thrills them with delight!

And so in life, the common things  
That in our pathway lie,  
May furnish visions fit for kings,  
When mirrored in the sky.

## SONNET TO THE BIBLE

The world's best sellers, book reviews declare,  
Are led by that old work whose every page  
Has been a joy to each successive age;  
When we have tasted modern morsels scribes  
    prepare,  
We look into its folds and find them there.  
    Though poets write with glee or stamp in rage,  
    Their efforts cannot match those of the sage  
Or prophet old who wrote its wisdom rare;  
In verse sublime and moving, stately prose,  
    The ancient book reveals a master's hand  
    Surpassing every bard's of every land  
Such mighty thoughts its thundering truths  
    disclose.  
    To what high muse did those old writers  
    look,  
If not to God, to make the greatest book?





"Where Zephyrs Steal Softly Through Balsam and Pine"





## THE QUEST

A lonely lad fared forth to search for Truth:  
His little world had warped him with its lies,  
Deceived him thru a comrade's pleading eyes,  
Betrayed him in his wild and wayward youth—  
His soul was steeped in gloominess forsooth;  
He had not viewed the wonders of the skies,  
He never sensed the joys the forests prize,  
But lingered in the vales of the uncouth;  
So, full of doubts, he started on his quest,  
He traveled to the limits of the land;  
He sought the poor and wealthy in his zest,  
He searched for Truth on sea and desert sand.  
Then home returned, in days and wisdom blest,  
To find that Truth was living close at hand.

## WHERE THE NORTH IS

The North is where the stars are bright,  
Where days are clear and the ground is white;  
Where folks are known for their sunny ways,  
And hearts beat warm thru the winter days.

The North is where all nature smiles  
With dimpled cheeks, for miles and miles;  
Where crows are heard with their welcome caw,  
And the maple thrills in the warm spring thaw.

The North is where the skies are blue,  
Where the robin sings the summer thru;  
Where violets bloom and nothing is sad,  
Where the waters sing and the world is glad.

The North is where all hearts are light,  
Where honks the goose in its southern flight;  
Where leaves are turning to red and gold,  
Where life is a pleasure and none grow old.

## THE UP-RISING OF LONE WOLF

Lone Wolf, the Shawnee, was scanning the west,  
Where the bones of his fathers were gathered to  
rest;

The mountains he loved and the fields apace  
Were now in the hands of an alien race;  
The forests were gone, the buffalos dead  
And scarcely a place for a Shawnee bed.  
Over eight hundred treaties were written for fun—  
The Father at Washington never kept one.  
Adding insult to injury the white man then said:  
"There's no good Indian unless he's dead."  
So Lone Wolf, in anger, determined at last,  
To summon his tribe and avenge the past;  
His signals soon curled in the air on high,  
And terror was spread by the Shawnee cry.  
The troops were called out to suppress the revolt,  
And shrapnel and shell met the savage assault.  
The Indians rallied—but viewed with dismay  
The ranks of their followers melting away;  
Then into the brain of the wily old chief  
This stratagem entered to bring him relief:  
He sent out his sachems to the lords of the earth  
And appealed to the nations for the land of his  
birth—  
"Help the Shawnees regain what was stolen away,  
And nine-tenths of their land you can have as your  
pay."

. . . . .  
As the battle was raging he longed for the night,  
Or return of his warriors with allies to fight.  
At last they were sighted, despondent and sad,  
For news that they carried was gloomy and bad:

"No nation will listen to Lone Wolf's call  
If he claims any land, for they want it all."  
That night as the armies were lying at rest,  
He dreamed that his star had gone down in the  
west;  
The sign told him plainly the weakest must yield,  
So he said to his braves, "Let us flee from the  
field!  
Perhaps, as they tell us, in heaven we'll thrive,  
And make better Indians dead than alive;  
But Lone Wolf suspicions the promise they give—  
For the best we can get is heap hell while we live."

---

## THE RICH AND THE POOR

God pity the proud millionaire,  
Who knows not the woods nor the joys that are there;  
Who hears not the birds as they carol and sing;  
Who sees not the leaves as they teeter and swing;  
Who cares not for nature so rich and so rare—  
God pity that millionaire,  
For he's poor.

Envy the man with the smile,  
Although he's not polished nor dressed up in style;  
Whose holdings and savings perchance are not much,  
But with nature and beauty is always in touch;  
He whom the forests and flowers beguile—  
Envy that man with the smile,  
For he's rich.

## THERE'S LOVE AND THERE'S LAUGHTER AND HEAVEN FOR ME

I linger impatiently, longing to see  
Into the mist that surroundeth me;  
Someone to tell me; some way to know,  
Why did I come and where will I go?  
But though I am waiting I cannot be blind  
To the flood lights of Truth that would enter the  
mind:

A world out of chaos and life-giving breath  
Are wonders quite equal to a life after death.  
The birth of the flowers, the growth of the trees,  
The fragrance that's wafted on every breeze;  
The magic in gardens, the witch'ry of time,  
The mystical tintings of every clime;  
The songs of the forest, the bloom of the rose—  
All point a Creator wherever one goes;  
And though there is darkness at times, I'll agree,  
There's love and there's laughter and Heaven for  
me.

## DEATH OF FATHER MARQUETTE

In the depth of the wilderness, far from the throng,  
Near a coast that was verdant, and vibrant with  
song;

The little boat tarried at the Jesuit's request,  
And Pierre said to Jacques, "It is well, let us rest."  
So turning aside to the banks of a stream  
Where nature and solitude triumphed supreme,  
In sadness, despairing, their burden they bore  
To a lonely retreat on the far-reaching shore.  
Then the two, Pierre and Jacques, to their work  
moved away

While the Pere, now forsaken, continued to pray.  
Forsaken? Ah, no! There was hovering near  
A Presence unfailing that filled him with cheer.

He was talking aloud as the men hurried back,  
With a fervent devotion no illness could slack;  
He prayed for his children on river and lake,  
To shield them from woes that might come in his  
wake;

He thanked his Redeemer for the victory won,  
For the guidance of Heaven in all he had done:  
"To labor for souls on this unexplored shore  
Is worth all I gave, yea, a thousand times more!"  
Then blessing his comrades his spirit took flight,  
His features serene in a radiant light.  
And his men though removed from their homes far  
away,

Knew that Heaven was near them that wonderful  
day.



## THE STRANGER

I met a passer on the street  
With beaming face and figure neat;  
In wealth and fame his stock was small,  
But yet he had a smile for all;  
Both ease and grace were in his walk,  
And blest were they who heard him talk.  
I said: "My friend, do tell me, pray,  
What makes you happy all the day?"  
With silver voice and sparkling eye  
He softly gave me this reply:

"Worry never made a penny,  
Grumble never earned a cent;  
Food and clothes they haven't any—  
Neither one will pay the rent.

Happy is a better neighbor—  
Get acquainted—hug him tight—  
He will help you in your labor—  
Happy makes our burdens light."

Then laughing loudly, stepped away—  
And Happy passes every day.

## IN A COUNTRY POSTOFFICE

The mail one day was rather late,  
So at the post I stopped to wait;  
A motley crowd as usual stood,  
To hear the news—the bad, the good.  
Amused to see each eager face,  
I watched, and this is what took place:

Each one in line called out his name,  
And from the window missives came;  
Some hailed from near and some from far,  
Some told of peace and some of war;  
Some spoke of death or failing health,  
And some of glory, fame and wealth.

The first, a youth, a note received,  
And from his smile he was not grieved;  
It was a letter from a Miss,  
Who marked an X, (which meant a kiss);  
He walked away just like a king  
And seemed in love with everything.

Next came a woman shy and meek,  
Who sought a letter once a week;  
But none had come and in dismay,  
With empty hand she turned away.

Then next appeared a father bold,  
Who spoke in accents stern and cold:  
"Is there no letter from my son?  
I wish he'd write his mother one—  
It's here, you say! Well, I'm so glad  
To have this message from the lad!"

A husband from his wife then heard,  
A sister also had some word;  
The next received a blow quite hard :  
"For you there is this mourning card."

I stood a long time at the post  
And watched the eager, anxious host  
Call at the window for the mail  
That "must have come ; how could it fail ?"  
And some were storming, some were sad,  
Some were crying, others glad,  
For here life's drama, stern and true,  
Is played each day the whole year through.

## THE ROAD MONKEY

I mend the roads on a two-haul trip,  
So the sleighs can't skue nor the horses slip;  
So bunks can groan with the sticks they bring,  
And the men can holler and "pop the ding."  
From the rise of the sun till the dusk of night  
I follow the icy trail of white—  
Along the jammers and down the hill,  
Beyond the swampers and farther still,  
Till binders are loosened and timbers spill  
Into the maw of the hungry mill.  
Then back to the skidders or onto the jam—  
Oh, this is the life for a lumberman!

The singer was \*"road monkey" Bobby McGee,  
A-swinging his snow shovel careless and free—  
His labor was mean and his pay was small—  
(A "monkey's" a target and butt for all)—  
But his laughter resounded the whole day thru  
As he levelled the roads for the hardwood crew.  
The only man in the camp with a wife,  
(For women don't pine for the lumber woods life.)  
He was goaded to fight with a hauler that day,  
Who was trying to wheedle the woman away.

But the zeal of his work in the cold winter air  
Had made him forget all his troubles and care,  
And now he was making his snow shovel fly,  
To level a road ere the teams came by;

---

\* A name applied to the men employed to repair the roads in the lumber woods of northern Michigan. Although doing an important work, the "road monkey" is always the butt of ridicule for the lumber jacks.

But hearing a jingle and a "Giddap, Bill!"  
He looked to the top of the Dog Head hill,  
And there on a decker, all fixed for the ride,  
He gazed on his wife by the hauler's side.  
The horses were rushing with steaming breath  
Toward the "cut" he was filling and certain death!

The road monkey felt all his gayness depart,  
He was blinded and stricken and broken at heart;  
He paled at the sight of his faithless mate  
And reeled with the passions of woe and of hate.  
But suddenly seeing the hole in the road,  
He turned and he smiled at the rushing load.

As soldiers will tell you, in moments of strife  
The best in man's nature oft rises to life—  
Bob stood a brief period looking aghast,  
Then into the crevice his shovel he cast,  
And lying upon it he crumpled his form  
As the horses bore down like a gathering storm;  
The nearest one shied, and the sleigh runner dripped—  
**BUT THE HOLE HAD BEEN FILLED, and the**  
sleighs never tipped,  
And the riders rode onward in heart-rending glee,  
Crushing, but saved by the monkey McGee.

## THE FIRE WHISTLE

"Toot! toot! toot!" Not a moment for dispute;  
Well we know that frightful sound,  
As the echoes leap and bound—  
"Toot! toot! toot" It's the signal whistle, scoot!  
It's the siren of the air,  
In its agonized despair,  
Shrilly shrieking,  
Loudly speaking:  
"Of the fiends of flame beware!"  
Visions gleaming  
In its steaming  
Of a monster dragon screaming  
Of a furious hydra form  
Crouching high upon the storm,  
Belching terror everywhere.  
Oh, the dreadful detonations  
Of that reaching, screeching yell,  
Like the frenzied shouts of triumph  
Of a demon freed from hell.

Out of bed and into clothes,  
How we jump whene'er it blows!  
"Hurry up, there—find the hose!  
Grab a hold and away she goes!"  
Everybody's on his feet,  
Shouting, crying through the street;  
All the while the whistle's blowing  
Like a maddened bullock lowing,  
Sending tremors through the air  
With its nerve-upsetting blare





**"And Nature Smiles for Miles and Miles"**



When the blaze and flames at length  
Have succumbed to hero strength;  
When the blasts of hades cease  
And the town's again in peace,  
Then it is we lie and dream  
Of the whistle with its scream,  
Sounding wildly through the night,  
Waking all with chills of fright—  
    Crying, sighing,  
    Roaring, prying,  
    Blaring fiercely, madly trying  
To arouse us from our sleep:  
    Tooting, hooting,  
    Loud saluting,  
    Upward shooting  
Rasping echoes shrill and steep—  
    Till the morning dawns at last,  
    And the agony is past.

## SHIP OF STATE

Heaven guide thee, Ship of State,  
Faring down the sea of fate;  
Weather beaten by the gales,  
Riven masts and tattered sails;  
Well we know that pirates bold  
Swarm the deck and seek the hold:  
Still the flag of Freedom flies  
From your halyards in the skies.  
When the clouds are thick and dark,  
Cling we stoutly to the bark.

Long you've borne us o'er the seas,  
Past the rocks of mutinies;  
What, if in the swelling tide,  
Hearts have ached and hopes have died?  
When the storms had cleared and gone,  
Still our ship was sailing on,  
Flying from its utmost spars  
Freedom's banner bright with stars.  
Past the reefs of strife and hate,  
Heaven guide thee, Ship of State.

## I CAN

- I Can is a ruler of nations,  
With power to do and to dare;  
I Can't fills the lowest of stations,  
And sulks in the realm of despair.
- I Can wears the crown of the master,  
Whose forces no foe can turn back;  
I Can't flies the flag of disaster,  
And surrenders at every attack.
- I Can is a doer and worker,  
Who sits on the throne of success:  
I Can't is a drone and a shirker,  
Who falters and lags in distress.
- I Can marches steadily forward,  
Achieving, rejoicing, in life;  
I Can't is a craven and coward,  
Who always goes down in the strife.

## SAILING SONG

Sailing along to a sailing song,  
Oh, that is the life for me;  
    Sea legs prancing,  
    White caps dancing,  
Sailing along with a heart that's free—  
Sailing, sailing over the sea,  
Sailing and singing's the life for me.

Out on the lake where the billows break,  
Out in a rolling sea;  
    Gray gulls screaming,  
    Bright hulls gleaming,  
That is the place where I long to be—  
Sailing, sailing, sailing along,  
Sailing and singing a sailing song.

## THE SKY

Turn upward thy face  
To the wonders that lie  
In oceans of space  
And fields of blue sky ;

To meteors hurled  
Past fast-fleeing Mars,  
As planets are whirled  
In the dance of the stars ;

To the splendor on high,  
To the grandeur at night,  
As a comet sweeps by  
Majestic and bright !

The morning of life  
Saw its banners unfold—  
'Twill be strong in the strife  
When cosmos grows old.

Though I never may know  
The secret of time,  
My soul is aglow  
With the vision sublime

## THE MUSIC OF THE WOODS

A pine tree's moanings for the leading place,  
A hemlock's groanings for the double-bass;  
A partridge drumming on a moss-grown log,  
With trap-work coming from a marshy bog;  
A bull-frog croaking and the warble of a thrush,  
A piper a-tooting and a-scooting through the brush;  
Merry little chirpers singing on the sand—  
Millions of voices flooding all the land.

The yellow-hammer's rapping and the bluejay's call  
Keep time to the rhythm of the cataract's fall;  
Not a sound nor a crackle that isn't in tune,  
From the chipmunk's chip to the wild wren's croon.  
I know that the brass and the string notes, too,  
Have charms that are dear and joys that are true—  
But a natural band in the forest grand  
Makes the sweetest music in all the land.

## ON THE DEATH OF AN OLD INDIAN

An agéd brave and his mush-ke-mood,\*  
Splitter of splints and cutter of wood—  
Many a time have I seen him there,  
Making his arrows and baskets rare.

\* \* \* \* \*

They've laid him to rest in the sand by the shore,  
And claim he has gone to return no more.

### EPITAPH

To my call there is no answer,  
But his spirit has not gone—  
It dwelleth in the forest  
And greets me there at dawn;  
It lingers in the maples,  
It murmurs in the stream,  
I hear it in the branches,  
It whispers in my dream;  
It fills all living creatures  
With simple faith each day—  
His spirit lives on ev'ry hill  
And will not go away.

---

\* Bag made from basswood bark.

## A SONG OF THE FOREST

When city air stifles and heat demons blow,  
To the wilds of the North let the lorn mortal go—  
There Nature in fullness proclaims to the earth  
A season of pleasure, of joy and of mirth.  
The birds are all singing their sweetest refrains,  
The grasses and leaves have replied to the rains,  
And o'er hilltops and valleys, by rivulets sheen,  
Have woven a carpet of loveliest green.  
The voices of Nature sing softly and sweet  
To the slaves of the city—the serfs of the street:  
“Come, come to the North, where the wild flowers  
    grow,  
Where the whippoorwill calls and bay breezes blow;  
Come, follow the birds in their northerly flight,  
Come, join in their carols and share their delight.”  
The pewits, the thrashers, the bluejays and all  
That rejoice in God's freedom unite in the call;  
E'en the lone little cricket sings loudly and clear  
His bright gladsome message of welcome and cheer:  
“Come with me! Come with me!” is the plea he  
    pours forth,  
“Oh, come, and be glad in the woods of the North!”



## ALONE IN A FIELD

Sweet Solitude, what joys thy friendship brings!  
Thy silvan nooks of wealth untold,  
Thy lakes and streams of limpid gold  
Where pageants rise on silv'ry wings.

Enchanted Fancy wanders far—  
With argosies it sweeps the seas,  
Disports upon the flying breeze  
And rests in triumph on a distant star!

To elysian caves it takes its flight,  
And on a wondrous stage  
Beholds the wealth of ev'ry age  
Displayed to its delight.

It views great armies in the field—  
'Mid sound of clashing arms  
And blare of fierce alarms  
Sees vanquished to their victors yield!

And as the shouts of battle cease,  
It hears upon a distant hill  
The music of a rippling rill  
Where shepherds feed their flocks in peace.

So he who loveth Solitude  
In golden silence reigns  
O'er valleys, hills and plains,  
Serene in nature's sweetest mood.

## A TALE OF THE BAH-GO-TING\*

On a fairy isle, 'neath northern skies,  
A chief with princely dower,  
Ruled o'er his people in counsels wise,  
Nor feared he the Evil Power.

But a villainous monster plotted long  
In his cave by the shining water,  
And by the lure of a magic song  
Enchanted the chieftain's daughter.

Far under the banks of the rushing tide  
He carried her—cool, designing;  
And many have seen her by his side  
In the deep sea water pining.

In derision he promised to come ashore,  
His treasure to deliver:  
"When Bah-go-ting's roar is heard no more  
And silently flows the river."

He dashes the surf where the waters fall,  
His tail the river lashes;  
He laughs in glee at the other's call,  
And turns and squirms and splashes.

The sorrowing chieftain tries and tries  
To still the rushing water,  
And ever and ever he cries and cries:  
"Maw-chon!† Mawchon! My daughter!"

---

\* Soo River rapids.

† "Come here!"

## A WOODLAND MELODY

When the world is all aweary with its rumble and its  
toil;  
When the daily grind of commerce brings a grumble  
from the soil;  
When the city hums a discord to the yearnings of the  
soul—  
Then I long to hear the waters of some woodland  
river roll;  
Then I sigh to roam the forest just to hear its  
branches sway  
In a symphony of Nature, as the zephyrs gently play;  
Just to listen to the music in the whisper of the trees;  
Just to feel the breath of freedom as it floats upon the  
breeze.

From fairy caves of fragrance flows the gladness far  
and near,  
And airy waves of cadence sound a rhapsody of cheer.  
Every living thing rejoiceth and the notes are all at-  
tune,  
From the clatter of the squirrel to the feathered  
mother's croon.  
On a distant log, mysteriously, a partridge drums  
away,  
As a warbler from its aerie pipes a merry rounde-  
lay;  
Intermingled strains of sweetness from a silver-  
throated thrush;  
There a lonely owl is hooting. Then, a breathless,  
deathlike hush,

Till the woods and waters echo with the clarion of a  
loon—  
Oh, what ecstasy of pleasure in a simple woodland  
tune!  
In the pastimes of a people there are joys of many  
kinds;  
In the turmoil of a city there are charms for many  
minds:  
But when the heart is heavy with life's struggle and  
its care,  
When all the world about us seems a desert of des-  
pair—  
Then how good it is to ramble where the winds and  
waters roll  
And the harbingers of Nature with their gladness fill  
the soul.

---

## TO A SNOW BIRD

When all the earth is cold and drear  
Thou singest thy song of joy and cheer.  
Oh, that I had a faith like thee  
To keep me in adversity.

## THE DREAM CITY

I've fashioned a beautiful city—  
A city of purple and gold,  
With spires and temples and turrets  
Surpassing the splendors of old.

Where the proud and the humble are equal,  
Where Justice and Honor prevail;  
Where the good and the true are encouraged,  
And none but the unworthy fail.

And often when tired and restless,  
My spirit seems weary of life,  
I wander afar to this city,  
Forgetting the world and its strife.

So continue to build, O, ye people,  
In mortar and plaster and clay—  
My city shall stand as the rival  
Of the best that is builded today.

And when at life's close I am summoned  
To a country more pleasing and fair,  
Who can say that I shall not then enter  
These castles I've built in the air?

## JULIE AND JOE

Ol' Joe was a Frenchman dat work roun' de mill.  
'Bout t'ree minute walk fas' on top of de hill;  
He was happy an' livelee from morning teel night,  
An' his only mistake was, Joe like to get tight.  
So Julie one morning say: "Joe, dis won't go,  
You got to stay home an' hang on to your dough!"  
Den Joe he got mad an' he hang on so tight  
Julie can't get de money for buy dem a bite.  
Den she tell lil Peter to get de *tranneau*  
An' hitch up his dog—to de ville he mus' go  
An' tell de physish she 'tink Joe's got la grippe—  
To come in a hurry an' see what's de rip.

When de doctaire arrive dare, he feel of Joe's tick,  
An' say very sadly: "De man is not sick!"  
Den Julie say: "Yes, sir, la grippe is ail Joe—  
He grip all de money an' will not let go."  
Den de doctaire he laugh an' he say wid a smile:  
"I'll fix up your Joseph in one lil while."  
Den he pour out some brandee an' give him to drink—  
An' Joe was recover before dey could t'ink.  
He yell like a loon bird an' run his hand down  
An' t'row out his money all over de groun';  
An' Julie was tickled way down to her shoes,  
An' she picked up de money while Joe drink de booze.  
Now Julie an' Joe dey live happy an' quiet,  
'Cause Julie lets Joseph drink wine an' get tight;  
An' Joe he don't see how his pocket is rob,  
For Julie, I tell you, is onto her job.

## THE RIVER

Come stand on the bridge of an ev'ning,  
When the lights are burning low,  
And look at the wonderful pictures,  
As the shadows come and go.

The rippling water of silver  
With its looming hulks of gray,  
Reminding one of a mystic isle  
Where goblins run and play.

Like phantom shapes the figures rise—  
They crouch and creep along,  
Then quickly turn and march away—  
A never-ending throng.

'Tis pleasant to stand by the river,  
When the lights are burning low,  
And live again in the fairyland  
That we knew in the long ago.

## WHY THE BEAVER'S TAIL IS FLAT

A fox and a hare one day had a trial  
Way out in the depth of the wood ;  
The fox claimed that *he* could climb up a tree  
And the lawsuit would prove that he could.

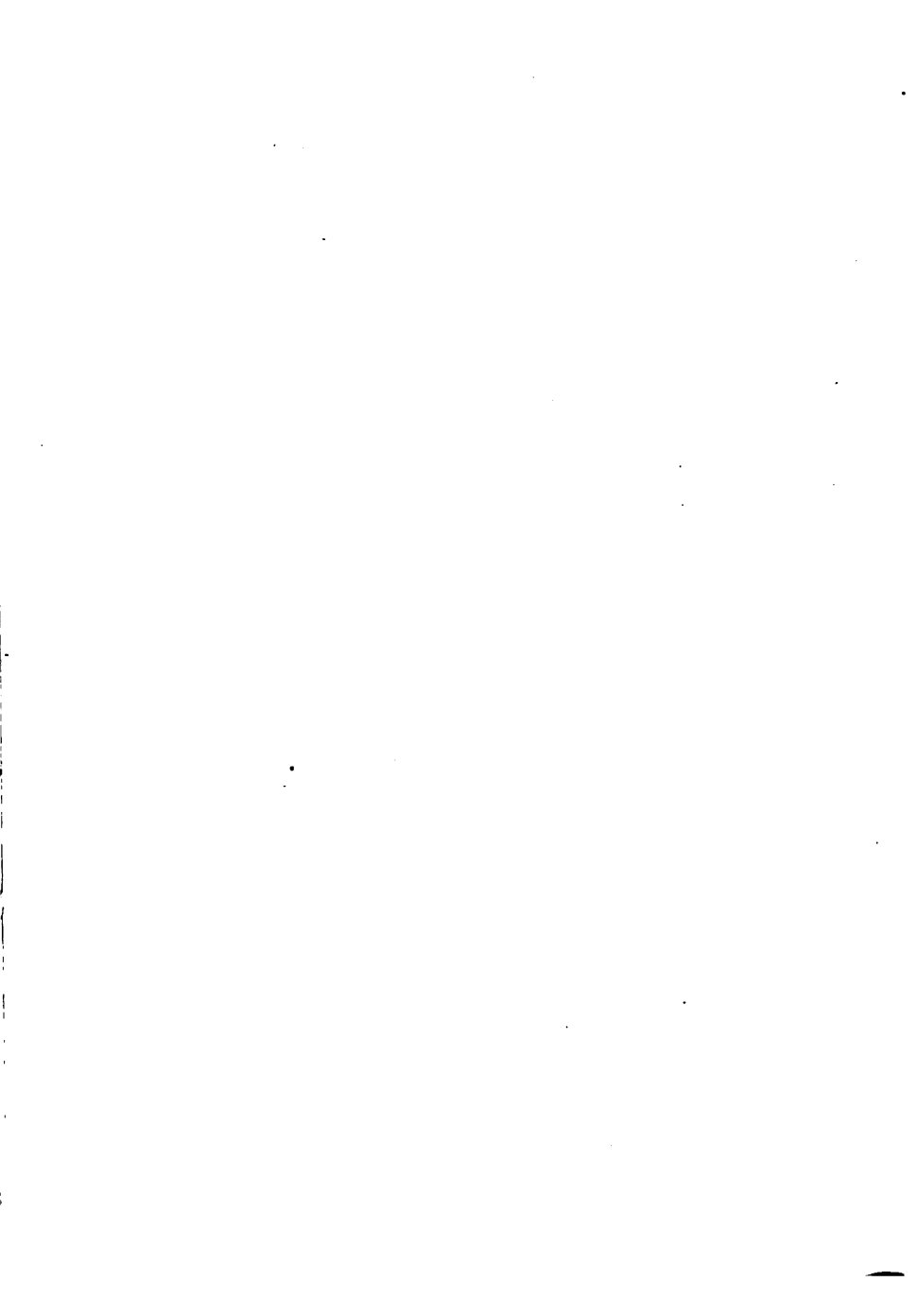
The hare hadn't heard of the wonderful feat,  
And so didn't think it could be—  
The thing had been done but *he* was the one  
That knew how to climb up a tree.

So an owl was chosen to act as the judge,  
And a wolf and a rabbit or two  
Were called to the place to argue the case  
And determine whose story was true.

But while they were talking and making much noise,  
A beaver just out for some sport,  
Went to cutting a tree which no one could see,  
And its fall put an end to the court.

He was brought to the owl who loudly declared :  
"We must punish such mischief as that !"  
So they rolled on his tail a big heavy rail—  
And ever since then it's been flat.







"Oh, the charms on every hand  
In this joy-enchanted land."

## A SONG OF LIFE

A man is born—the world is gay—  
It giveth joy and sorrow ;  
He lives his life of but a day  
And dies upon the morrow.

Unmindful of his soul's repose,  
He strives for fame and glory :  
At last a tablet marks the close  
And tells the same old story.

The yearnings of his heart and mind,  
The quenchless soul-desire—  
Are doomed to meet a fate unkind,  
To languish and expire.

Then what avails his little hate,  
His selfish, vain endeavor ?  
The world is heedless of his fate—  
But truth lives on forever.

The lessons that the ages teach,  
The health that makes us jolly,  
The sermons that the woodlands preach—  
All point the common folly :  
The folly of a zeal to gain  
A weight of worldly treasure,  
Neglecting blessings that attain  
True happiness and pleasure.

### L'ENVOI

That Man is blest whose humble life  
Is filled with joy o' laughter ;  
Who reaps the glory of the strife—  
The peace that cometh after.

## PE-TAH-SE-GA

### The Indian Tradition of the Happy Hunting Grounds.

NOTE.—This tradition was first related to the author by his grandmother, Mrs. Sophia Graveraet, a venerable old lady who spent most of her life among the wild Indians of the Northwest Territory. The story was of general belief and varied but little with the different Algonquin tribes. It was well known among the early missionaries and French voyageurs. I give it here substantially as it was related for hundreds of years by the savage tribes of the Great Lake region.

J. C. W.

Listen how a savage people,  
Knowing naught of Christian love,  
Found a gospel in the woodland,  
And proclaimed a God above;  
How the children of the forest  
Taught a life beyond the grave,  
And a happy, joyous future  
For the worthy and the brave:

On the shores of We-que-ton-sing\*  
Where the silver birches grow,  
Lived a chieftain great and mighty,  
Many, many moons ago.

---

\* Indian name of an indentation of upper Michigan, meaning "little bay."

There he chased the bears and panthers—  
From the fiercest took the pelt,  
And the scalps of many foemen  
Dangled from his wampum belt.

He was bravest of the warriors—  
He was fleet and keen of sight—  
The beloved of all his kinsmen  
Was Pe-tah-se-ga—"the Light."

But one day a fever seized him—  
On his couch he had to lie;  
All his people came about him,  
For 'twas said the chief must die.

On the softest furs they laid him—  
When his war-whoop loudly rang,  
And death-frenzied by his fever,  
From the wigwam door he sprang.

Close behind him leaped Winona,  
Fairest daughter of his band;  
She, the sweetheart of the chieftain,  
Called to him with outstretched hand.

But Pe-tah-se-ga was heedless  
As a deer with fleeting bound;  
He was eager on his journey,  
Running high above the ground.

Then his mother, old No-ko-qua,\*  
In her grief was nearly wild;  
On his trail she followed, crying:  
"Oh, Pe-tah-se-ga, my child."

Many, many days she chased him  
In his wild and frantic flight;  
Till at last she reached a wigwam  
Just before the dusk of night.

There a guardsman came to meet her,  
Backward motioned her in fear;  
Said: "This is the road of dead men,  
Tell me why thou comest here?"

Old No-ko-qua thus made answer:  
"I am searching for my son—  
For a brave and noble chieftain—  
Have you noticed such a one?"

Quoth the guardsman: "I am stationed  
By the Gitchi Manitou,  
To protect the giant berry†  
As the dead are passing through.

"'Tis the fruit of life eternal  
And the Manitou hath said,  
Those who taste it live forever  
In the regions of the dead.

---

\* No-ko-qua was the only one who persisted in the chase. Mother-love was a surpassing virtue among the wild Indians.

† A large strawberry, a bite of which registered the warrior's entry into paradise. This fruit, therefore, was held in great veneration.

"Ev'ry brave must leave his tooth-mark,  
While I take his brain away  
That he may forget his sorrows  
And be happy on his way.

"Yes, your son has lately passed here,  
But he tried to bite in vain—  
In a *trance* he journeys onward  
And will come to life again."

Then No-ko-quā hurried after  
To a stream that swiftly flowed,  
Where a cedar's splash called spirits  
To the Red Man's last abode.

In the stream were many minnows—†  
(Little children who had tried  
Crossing on the logs and boulders,  
But fell in the swollen tide).

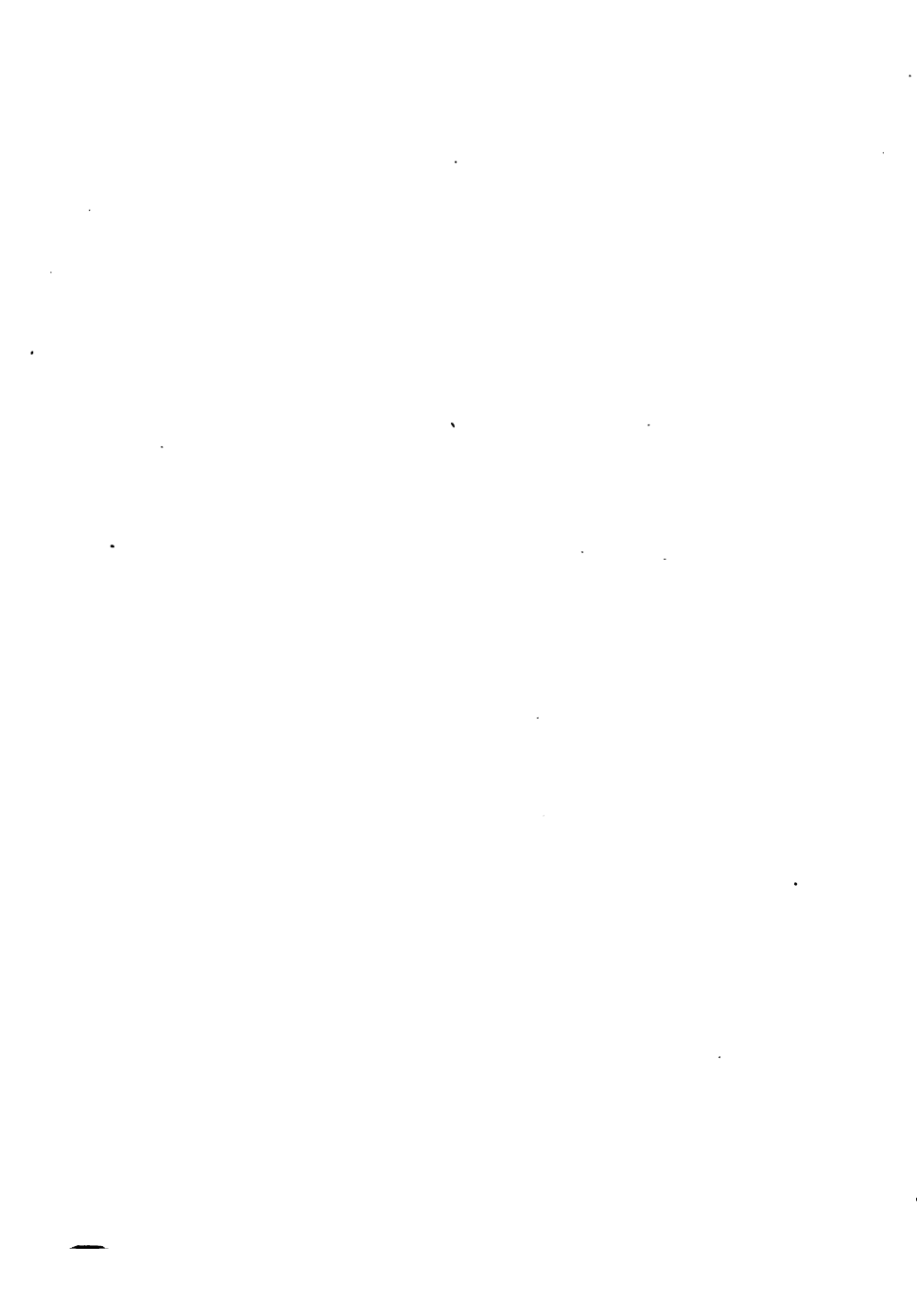
Many hardships she encountered  
Ere she gained the other side,  
Whence a pathway long and narrow  
Reached a prairie smooth and wide.

When she saw this lovely garden  
Her amazement knew no bounds;  
It was dazzling in its splendor—  
'T was the Happy Hunting Grounds.

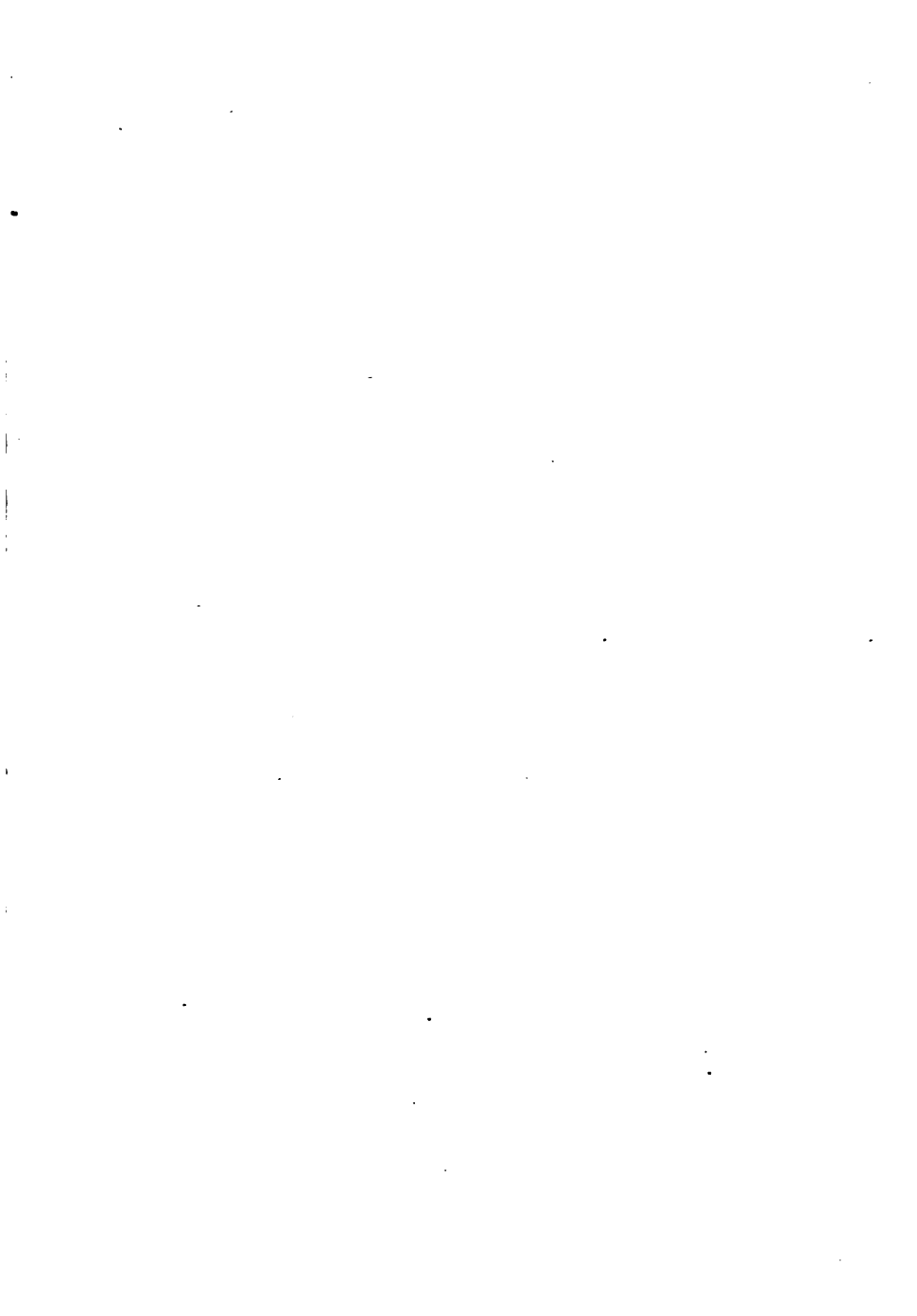
Here she saw a little wigwam,  
Where the trees grew sparse and thin,  
And knocking at the door-post,  
An old woman said, "Come in."

---

† The Indians never killed little minnows, believing them to be the spirits of their departed children.







Thus the children of the forest  
Taught a life beyond the grave,  
And a happy, joyous future  
For the worthy and the brave;  
Thus a people, wild, unletter'd,  
Knowing naught of Christian love,  
Heard the God of living nations  
Calling them to realms above.

---

## THE LUMBER-JACK

"What's become of Jim Brooks?" did ye ask me?  
Waal, stranger, I'm blanked if I know,  
But I think he has hiked to a country  
Where there ain't any sawlogs or snow.  
Although I can't tell ye fer sartin,  
I believe that they took him to stay  
With th' angels an' heroes in heaven  
At th' close of one cold winter day.  
Fer I don't think that God would be willin'  
To go back on a feller like Jim—  
He wuz only a lumber-jack, stranger,  
But they wan't no one truer than him.

Yes, I know he wuz careless an' reckless—  
He never would stand fer a bluff,  
An' when he struck town with his stake, sir,  
He always cut loose like a tough.  
"Hi, Jerry an' Billy, ye devils!  
Come up here an' hev one on me!"  
That's th' way he would talk to his comrades,  
An' his money went easy an' free.

But though he wuz rough an' unpolished,  
To his friends he was faithful an' true,  
An' th' day he drop't out o' th' game, sir,  
There wuz gloom o'er th' rest o' th' crew.

'T was down on th' Yellow Dog River  
That we lumbered that winter an' spring,  
Where an army of "cross-cuts" an' axes  
Made th' forest re-echo an' ring.  
A long hauler's wife did the cookin',  
And she sartinly fed us good chuck:  
Such pancakes an' sausage ain't common!—  
(We all envied that log hauler's luck.)  
She was blessed with a bright little youngster,  
A pretty an' sweet-natured lad,  
Whose voice wuz th' joy o' th' pinery,  
Whose laugh made that wilderness glad.  
I confess that I onct got a fancy  
That angels 'way up in th' sky  
Wuz jealous to have him in heaven,  
So they drop't him to earth frum on high.

One day the young lad took a notion  
To watch how we brought down a tree,  
So he ran unobserved towards the choppers  
And stood there all anxious to see.  
All at once we heard warnings of danger,  
An' running far out of harm's way  
We saw the great giant come crashing,  
As it toppled an' roared in its sway.  
Then a look of wild horror came o'er us,  
Fer that youngster stood there in delight  
A-watchin' the giant fall towards him—  
We covered our eyes from the sight.

But Jim was right there in an instant—  
Seemed th' giant wuz bearin' him down—  
My God! like a panther he bounded  
An' lifted the boy from th' groun',  
Then quickly he threw him from danger:  
"A miracle!" everyone said—  
Poor Jim! *he* wuz caught by the giant  
Which mangled his shoulders an' head—  
An' although I can't tell ye fer sartin',  
I believe that they took him to dwell  
With th' angels an' heroes in heaven  
When that king of the pinery fell:  
Fer I don't think that God would be willin'  
To go back on a feller like Jim—  
He wuz only a lumber jack, stranger,  
But they wan't no one truer than him.

## MONEY TALKS

Man's greatest friend am I,  
Yet, like some other friends, I fly  
    When needed most ;  
All things I conquer ere the grave,  
But power there one soul to save  
    I cannot boast :  
So he who builds his hopes on me  
Must face alone eternity.

For man I rear great domes and spires,  
Demolish time with rails and wires  
    And level hills ;  
I fashion, shape, display with skill  
The myriad fancies of his will  
    And conquer ills :  
But at the bier I yield at length—  
The grave, alas ! defies my strength.

I am the prize of golden fame,  
The god of pride and ease and name  
    And greed's desire ;  
I urge men on to noble deeds,  
Provide mankind with all its needs  
    And toil inspire :  
But at the grave cannot impart  
One touch of joy or ease of heart.

## CONSTANCY

Here's a toast to give the queen  
Who wins your heart at sweet sixteen:

"I love your pretty sparkling eyes,  
The deep delight that in them lies;  
The lovely color of your cheek,  
Your silv'ry accents when you speak,  
And if perchance I make thee smile  
It is an effort worth my while."

And as your life you journey through,  
Fill up the cup to this one, too:

"I loved you then, I love you still—  
I loved you once and always will."

KING STRANG  
OR  
THE TRAGEDY OF BEAVER ISLAND  
IN THREE ACTS  
PREFACE

Upon the assassination of Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, at Nauvoo, Ill., there arose several aspirants to the honor of leading his followers. Among the number was James Jesse Strang, a gifted lawyer, originally from New York state, who had lately located in Wisconsin, where he embraced the new faith and said he had received a letter from Smith, just previous to the latter's death, appointing him as his successor; he also claimed to have had a vision at the moment of Smith's demise, in which the Lord appointed him "teacher, ruler, prophet and protector" of the Mormons. Though but a recent convert, he gained many supporters through the logic of his arguments and the force of his brilliant oratory. It is said that among the half dozen contestants for the honor, aside from Brigham Young, Strang was the only one who displayed any real qualities of leadership. Being defeated by Young, who had the advantage of an entrenched position and the powerful support of the Council of Twelve, Strang withdrew with a large number of followers, first to Voree, Wis., "the Garden of Peace," where he planted a "Stake of Zion," then to Beaver Island, (called by the early

French missionaries "L'Isle au Castore", in Lake Michigan, where he founded his "kingdom," naming the capital "St. James," in honor of himself, and on the 8th day of July, 1850, was publicly crowned "king," amid much pomp and ceremony. He erected a tabernacle and palace, constructed beautiful highways, and had a royal press. He took unto himself five wives, and lived in regal splendor, considering the limited advantages of the region at that period. He was twice elected to the Michigan legislature and his influence and support was solicited by no less a personage than President Millard Fillmore. Finally external warfare with the "gentiles" and internal dissensions culminated to overthrow his power. Several conspirators formulated a plot to depose him, and he was fatally shot on the 20th of June, 1856. During his last hours he was tenderly nursed and cared for by his first and lawful wife, who had left him when she learned that he advocated polygamy.

Those who knew Strang say he was a wise, sagacious and able ruler, though oftentimes unscrupulous and arbitrary. His "Revelations," orations, state papers and "Book of the Law of the Lord," reveal a keen intellect, strong personality, and a leader of men, whose prowess was not surpassed by any of his contemporaries.

His kingdom perished with him, after an undisputed sway of nearly eight years—the only kingdom that ever flourished within the borders of the United States. The dispersion of his followers by an irrepressible mob ended the attempt to establish Mormonism in Michigan.



# DRAMATIS PERSONAE

## KING STRANG.

Mary.....	Strang's first wife
Alvira.....	Strang's second wife
"Aunt Betsy".....	Strang's third wife
Sarah.....	Strang's fourth wife
Hulda.....	Strang's fifth wife
"Charlie Douglas".....	Strang's second wife in disguise
Dr. McCullough.....	Aspirant to the throne
Adams.....	An actor in league with McCullough
Esther.....	In love with "Douglas"
Mrs. McCullough	} Rebellious subjects.
Mrs. Wentworth	
Mrs. Bedford	
Mrs. Johnson	
Mrs. Campbell	
Mrs. Scott	
Apostle John	} "Destroying Angels."
Apostle Isaac	
Bedford	} Accomplices of the conspirators.
Wentworth	
Gen. Schwartz.....	U. S. Marshal
Capt. Bullis.....	Commander U. S. S. "Michigan"
Wilkins.....	District Judge
"Arch" Newton.....	Leader of the Gentiles
Joe Partout.....	A French Canadian
Julie.....	His Wife
Sailors, Soldiers, Officers, Deacons, Elders, Saints and Gentiles.	

Scene: L'Isle au Castore, an island in Lake Michigan.

Time: Middle of the Nineteenth Century.

## ACT I

### SCENE I

A room in King Strang's royal palace

To Mary enter Aunt Betsy

Aunt B.—I'm glad to see you, Mary; tell me, please,  
How fares the King and his first wife to-  
night?

Mary—The one whom people love to call their king,  
And who has been a "king" indeed to me,  
Is absent on some pressing work o'er which  
He seems to brood. He plainly is perturbed  
And lately tosses on his couch at nights,  
Much troubled by a sea of fear and doubt.  
And I, myself, am feeling ill at ease.  
But tell me, pray, why speak of me as *first*?

Aunt B.—Ah, then my lady has not heard the news  
That's whispered all about our lovely isle?

Mary—No, tell me what the gossips say.

Aunt B.—That Strang, our prophet, wishes many  
wives  
And e'en this week will bring the *second*  
home.

Mary—No, no, it cannot be!

Aunt B.—But it has come on evidence confirmed.  
The sister named Alvira Field\* is married  
To your husband even now and only waits  
The king's decree to openly declare her  
    "wife"  
And legalize polygamy.

Mary—            Alas! if that be true  
The worst that I have feared has come to  
    pass.  
Ah me, this wicked world is turning wrong,  
Since those we love the most we cannot trust.  
I fear I shall not long remain upon  
This lonely isle.

Aunt B.—Pray, do not take it so to heart. The king  
Has given righteous cause for this new  
    course  
And quotes the word of God to prove 'tis  
    well.  
Why, bless you, dear, it seems so plain to  
    me—  
If he should ask myself for *third*, I'm sure  
I could not answer "no."

Mary—            Feeble-minded  
Poor old soul. To think that I should listen  
To such arguments! He'll quote the Book  
    for  
Any cause and if perchance it does not fit,  
He'll have a "Revelation."  
    (Aside) I fear 'tis true  
For he has acted very strange of late.

---

\* Alvira Field was a near relative of Chicago's merchant prince, the late Marshall Field.

Aunt B.— You may as well submit—  
He's firmly set to husband many wives,  
And all so far consent.

Mary— Submit indeed!  
I cannot think he'd ask me to submit  
To such a plan, but if he makes request,  
Full well he'll find I'd swim across the lake  
Before I'd dwell beneath a roof of sin  
E'en though it be the palace of a king.

Aunt B.—Well, suit yourself. I'll stay.

Mary— You have no woman's heart  
If you would thus oppose an honest home  
And scorn a loving wife.

Aunt B.— 'Tis the pleasure of the King,  
Whose word is law with all the faithful  
Saints,  
And ought to be with you.

Mary—I have no mood to follow wrong commands:  
Let each one do what seems to him the best—  
No home where love's divided can be blest.  
I'll talk with him tomorrow.

(Exit).

Enter Strang and "Charlie Douglass."

Douglass—I think that I shall like this place right  
well.

Now, do not vex us longer with delays,  
But forthwith issue your decree abroad  
That plural marriages are just.

Strang—                This very night  
I'll say it in our holy tabernacle.  
I'll then make known to all the world, what I,  
The Prophet James, did find upon the  
Plates of Laban.  
And then in sweet embrace I may receive  
The love which thou dost give to bless our  
home.  
I seal the promise with a sacred kiss,  
And offer praises to His holy name.

Aunt B.—Just marry all the wives you wish, King  
Strang,  
For all of me, but when you finish that,  
And then make love to all young men as  
well,  
I cannot blame my sister Mary when  
She says that nothing good can come from  
out  
This worthless Kingdom.

Strang—Oh, ho! So you shall know the truth, Aunt  
Betsy.  
This handsome man is not a man at all,  
But second wife whom God hath in a vision  
Sent, and you shall be the *third*.

Aunt B.—Oh, now I love you true more than the other  
two.

Douglass—But he loves *me* the best of all the three.

Strang—What hast thou heard my Mary say?

Aunt B.—               She'd sooner die  
                  A thousand deaths than ever share your  
                  home  
                  With any other wife.

Strang—I knew she'd be no party to it!

Aunt B.—               You well  
                  May manage twenty kingdoms, I am sure,  
                  Much easier than two little women,  
                  If she be one of them.

Strang—               As usual you are right.  
                  In spite of it, the laws declared by God,  
                  Through me, must be fulfilled.

Douglass—It is not safe for us to tarry here.  
                  This clothing makes me feel like walking  
                  out.  
                  Let's to the tabernacle.

Strang—               Yes, to the tabernacle,  
                  Where we may promulgate our holy laws,  
                  Restore to the chosen their ancient rights,  
                  And all our enemies deliver to  
                  The buffetings of Satan.

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II

Interior of Tabernacle

Apostles, Deacons and Saints

All sing—The Nephites destroyed, the Lamanites  
                  dwelt,

For ages in sorrow unknown ;  
Generations have pass'd, till the Gentiles at  
last,  
Have divided our lands as their own.

Enter Strang in church robes.

Strang— By the hand of an angel  
Was I given the Urim and Thummim,  
And from plates that I dug near Voree  
Translated the Law of the Lord.  
Then I was led to a beautiful isle,  
Covered with forests and flowers and fields,  
With a wind-sheltered bay to the eastward ;  
I was taken o'er hilltops and valleys  
Amid foliage fragrant and lovely.  
And one whom I asked for the meaning re-  
plied :  
“Here shall the Lord establish his people ;  
He shall establish them here forever.”  
So let us all pray for glory and peace ;  
And that our holy kingdom may flourish,  
Follow thou my commands to the letter.

All sing—Ephraim's records, plates of gold,  
Glorious things to us unfold,  
Though sealed up they long have been,  
To give us light they now begin.

First Apostle—If the Gentiles shall harass thy people,  
What does the prophet command us  
to do?

Strang—The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof;

Behold, we are the Lord's chosen people.  
We consecrate all for the good of the church;  
We confiscate wealth in the name of the Lord;  
He will bless us in all undertakings.  
In a league with the devil are Lamanites—  
They shall feel a continual stroke.  
Mormons alone have a right to the earth  
And eventually shall possess it.  
Now the Lord through his prophet commands you:

You shall marry, multiply and possess.  
For in eternity shall you be crowned  
Over all your descendants and children.  
So your ambition must be to increase;  
And a mourner can honor the spirit  
Of her departed in no better way  
Than to raise children up in his name.  
In support of the Lord's revelation  
A beautiful maid have I married this day  
And by this example, polygamy  
Is blest in the royal domain.

Second Apos.—But many have come who were  
promised that  
This would not be taught.

Strang—I cannot always teach the things I would—  
I tell you that which God to me reveals.  
And by this self-same token I command  
That every woman of the kingdom  
Henceforth her old habiliments discard  
For garments of divided type. For work  
The Lord does wish, the skirt is not approved.  
(Murmurs of discontent.)



Bed.— My wife will not consent; and if she does  
I'll never let her wear 'em.

Strang—               Stir up no strife,  
                          Lest thou receive the forty lashes, friend.  
                          I'm tired of you trouble-mongers

Enter Joe Partout and wife, running, followed by  
several men.

Joe—I'm shoot! I'm shoot! I'm killed dead, me!

Julie—               Oh, Joe, he's kill!  
                          An' me, myself, I'm almos' dead wid scare!

Strang—How, now! What's all this row about?

Went.—Those Gentile rats, they tried to steal our  
nets.

Joe—               No! no! 'Taint so, 'taint so!  
                          We drif' ashore on one big sea an' lan'  
                          Right there. We didn't mean no harm.  
                          Oh, please, have mercy, mercy!

Julie—            No! no! We never steal a t'ing.  
                          We are so scare. Oh, please, have mercy,  
                          mercy.

Strang—No wanderer will seek a refuge here  
                          And ever come to harm. So have no fear.

To Joe's pursuers, who have been drinking.  
                          Depart, ye sots, and let this couple rest!  
                          Do not defile our holy tabernacle  
                          With oozings of thy nauseous tainted breaths.

We'll tolerate no drinking in this place,  
And woe to him who dares to sell the stuff,  
For rum's the bottom of all evil deeds—  
Makes light the head and dark and dull the  
heart:  
It must be banished from our isle.

To Julie and Joe.

Now, come with me.  
I'll give you warmth and food and show you  
that  
The Prophet Strang is not so bad a man  
As painted.

Joe— Oh, thank you, Meester Strang.  
I'm sure you are not bad at all!

Julie— Yes, thank you many times.  
I'll always tell the fishermans how good  
A man you are.

(Exeunt.)

### SCENE III

St. James. A Street

Enter McCullough and Adams

Adams—Know you our kingship's latest move?

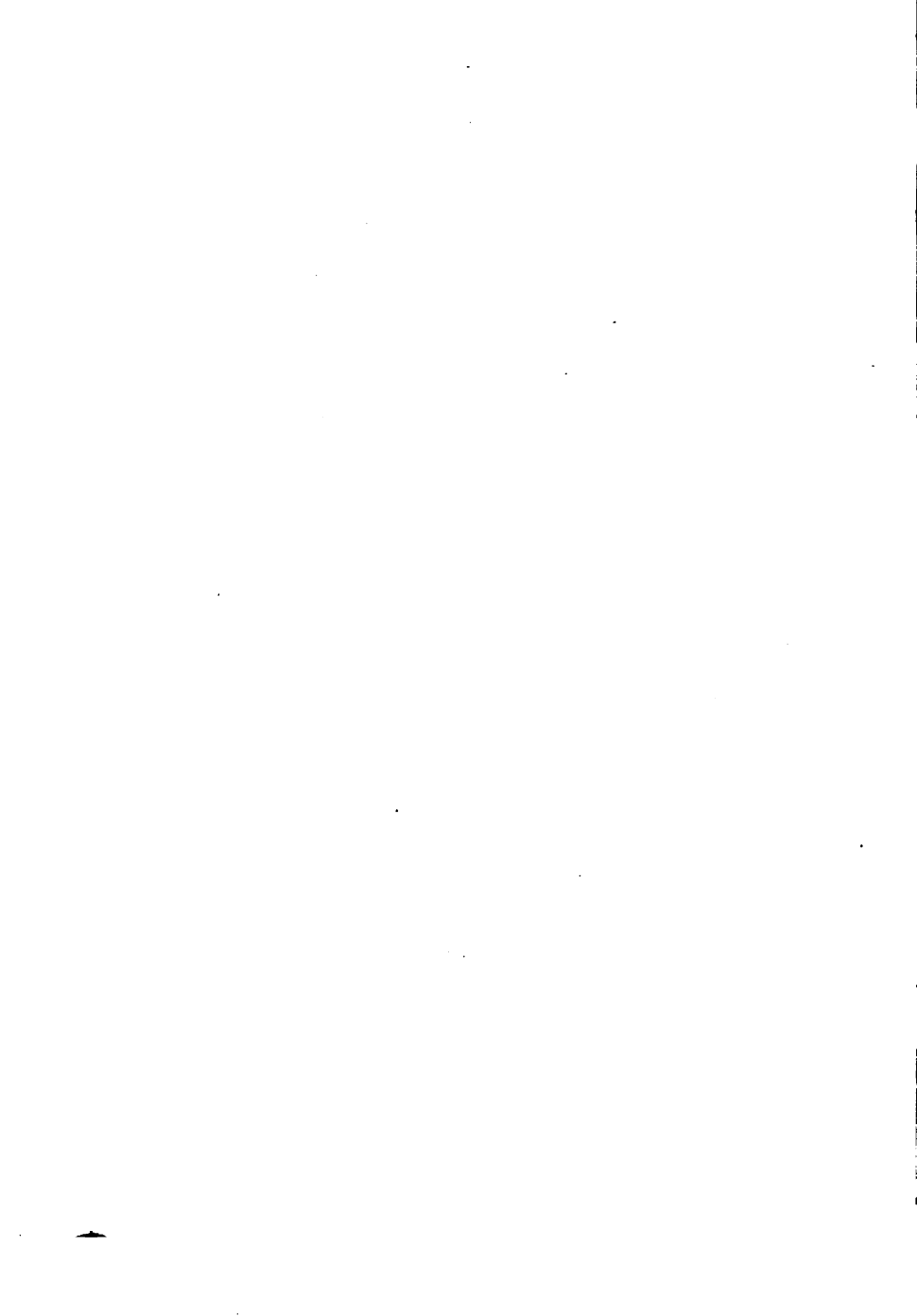
McC.—No, what orders does he dictate now?

Adams— Polygamy's the latest;  
And consecration likewise is upheld.



ALONG THE SHORE AT BEAVER ISLAND





McC.—The tyrant must be checked or all will come to ruin.

Adams— His revelations come so fast  
Of late I trust not in their potency.

McC.—Why must we let this gay Old Rooster strut  
Around and lord it over all creation,  
While we obey like hens and little chicks?  
I tell you, Adams, I shall put on spurs  
And fight this villain.

Adams—I'll back you in it. Like good queen Margaret  
Used to say when I was playing Richard III,  
"I can no longer hold me patient."  
He's outraged us by varnished tales and thinks  
We have no honor.

Enter Bedford and Wentworth.

But here come our friends  
Who have a cause to hate him more than we.  
Let's fan their passions into mutiny.  
What think you, Bedford,  
Since the king rebuked you in th' meeting?  
Wilt follow him as blindly as before?

Bedford—I never liked him much and now despise  
The tyrant more than ever.

Adams— And you, good Wentworth?  
I suppose you wish to toil and slave and have  
No favor of the king except the evil  
Glances of this envious eyes.

Wentworth—You know full well I have no use for  
him,  
Since he by foul means seeks all I have.

Adams—Some months ago I put a royal crown  
Upon his head and dressed him up in state;  
But he has proven false to all his friends.  
I think 'tis time to crown another king.  
I myself am somewhat judge of men,  
And friend McCullough here I do vouchsafe  
Would give more honor to a throne  
Than half a dozen Strangs.

Bedford—Why, yes, why shouldn't he be king?

McC.—You flatter me, but 'tis no easy thing—  
We first must rid us of the king we have.

Adams— You'll find it easy picking.  
In Richard III I slew six men and would  
Not hesitate to kill six villains more—  
(Aside)  
If they were here upon this street to fight  
With wooden swords.

McC.— I have some money left—  
I did not give it all to Strang.

Adams— What say you men?  
For money, honor, duty and revenge,  
The spice that makes our lives worth while,  
will you  
Destroy King Strang?

Wentworth—I'll do my part.  
Bedford—And so will I.

Adams— Why sure. Who wants to live  
On cockle when it's easy to get quail?

McC.—Then meet us on the King's Highway at twelve.  
We'll lay our plans to make the Rooster sick;  
We'll trouble him with civil suits and courts  
And give the Gentiles many clews to fight  
This would-be prophet of our faith.

Went.—'Tis well. We'll meet you there at twelve.  
(Exeunt).

#### SCENE IV

A room in Strang's palace

Enter Strang, Alvira and Aunt Betsy

Strang—I hesitate to let her know the truth.

Alvira—The man who seeks dominion over all  
Is surely not afraid of one wee woman.  
We now are man and wife and I expect  
The homage that is due me and the honor  
Of your house.

Aunt Betsy—Just tell her what you wish to do  
And show that you are master.

Strang—Why, yes, I'm master in my home, 'tis true;  
But many thoughts have troubled me of late—  
She's been a good and loving wife, I vow,  
And I do hate to cause her pain.

Alvira—Oh, weakling! It is by revelation.  
We cannot change the laws of God for such.

Strang—Oh, yes, by revelation, that is true.  
We are commanded and must do His will.

Enter Mary.

My dear beloved wife,  
Together we have read the sacred book.  
The lessons that the prophets taught we both  
Agreed were right and just. And when I  
doubted  
You were first to offer reassuring words.  
The holy work you never cast aside,  
And mine own teachings you have always kept.  
Now by divine command I bring another  
Wife into the fold. Let me present to  
You the one to whom I was in spirit  
Sealed this day. I bid you welcome her,  
And hope we all may live in happiness  
And peace.

Alvira— I know we shall be friends.

Aunt B.—Why, fifty wives could live contented here.

Mary—Have peace! We've argued on this point before.

You told me on your honor at Voree  
That if I'd live with you upon this isle,  
You would renounce polygamy.

Strang—I know, but I have

Had a vision and the Lord commends it.

Mary—It is not true. The Lord has never yet  
Commended contradictions. The book is  
Plain upon this point and never has been  
changed.



Strang— But you forget!  
The patriarchs of old had many wives.  
Mary—Yes, many wives and mistresses, that's true,  
Which was abominable to the Lord.  
He led forth his people to raise up a  
Righteous branch and will not suffer that they  
Do like unto the blasphemers of old:  
For there shall not any man among you,  
Saith the Lord, have, save it be but one wife,  
And mistresses he shall have none, for, I,  
The Lord, God, delighteth in the chastity  
Of women.

Strang—But those are words for Lamanites and Gen-  
tiles.  
For us new laws are needed and revealed.

Mary— Behold, ye have done  
Greater iniquities than the Lamanites:  
Ye have broken the hearts of your tender  
wives  
And lost the confidence of your children.  
The sobbings of their hearts ascend to God  
Against you.  
The Lamanities are more righteous than you—  
They have but one wife and obey the law.  
The Lord will not destroy them but will be  
Merciful unto them and will make them  
One day a blessed people.

Strang—'Twas I appointed to proclaim the truth  
And will not delegate my commission  
To a woman who understandeth not  
The ways of the Lord. I command you to  
Receive the truth or else vacate the house.

Mary—I shall be more than pleased to go,  
But remember thou the words of the Lord:  
"This people shall keep my commandments  
Or cursed be the land for their sakes."  
In evil deeds you will not find favor  
In the eyes of the Lord, but your kingdom  
Shall vanish from the earth.  
(Curtain.)

## ACT II

### SCENE I

A room in Strang's palace

Aunt Betsy—It surely is a wild and stormy night,  
But in this cosy palace all seems bright.

Alvira—Yes, all but the king, and he is about  
As sullen as the storm.

Aunt Betsy— Since Mary went  
Away he doesn't seem to be the same.

Alvira—With all of us here he ought to be happy.

Aunt Betsy—Or miserable, which?

Sarah—Oh, I wish there was something to do  
Besides sitting around in this "blooming suit."

Hulda—Let's dance. And who will be my partner?

Aunt Betsy—Hush, ladies. Here he comes.

Enter Strang

Strang—Ho, ho! So you are making merry, girls,  
Dancing and laughing while I am away.  
Well, what is the harm? I'd be happy, too,  
But cares and worries leave no room for fun.  
(Aside) If I had only taken her advice  
Misfortune would not now be haunting me.  
(A noise is heard outside.)  
Hark, I guess they've cornered me at last!

Enter U. S. Marshal, Officers and Gentiles unannounced.

Strang—Who comes hither?

Mar.—A stranger in search of health, wealth and happiness.

Strang—Just find the first and you will have all three.

Mar.—A fine time you are having here, indeed!  
Women dressed like that should be locked up.  
And to be plain, sir, I have a warrant  
For your arrest.

Strang—Upon what charge?

Mar.—Violation of our sovereign laws—  
Theft on the seas and detention of mails.  
Come, officers, do your duty.

First Gentile—You had better handcuff and tie him  
well,  
He's sly as a fox and bears a charmed  
life.

Second Gen.—One summer we hunted him almost a  
week

With Indians and a posse of whites,  
On an offer of three hundred dollars  
To take him to Mackinac, dead or alive.  
And what do you think? Why he up  
and escaped—

From our hands like a slipp'ry eel slid  
out.

I tell you, you'll have to be careful.

Mar.—If he gives me the slip you can call him be-  
witched.

Alvira—Oh, how wicked they are!

Aunt Betsy—Clear out of the place, you vile rats!

Strang—There, never mind. I've lived up to the law,  
And being blameless accompany them  
Without fear. With my skill as a lawyer  
And readiness in debate at the bar  
'Twill be easy to destroy ev'ry charge—  
They can never convict Prophet Strang!  
Why, as Assemblyman I've been chosen,  
And with balance of power in the state,  
I can toy with the fortunes of men.  
My political comrades shall name me  
Executive of the state of Utah.  
Then rejoice! And woe to the Brigamites  
And all the foes of the Latter Day Saints.  
The Lord in his wisdom protects his servant,  
And mark you, no bullet can pierce this heart!  
Farewell, I'll not be gone long.

(Exeunt Strang, Marshal, Officers  
and Gentiles.)

Aunt Betsy— Poor man! More trouble,  
But he's too clever for any of *them*.

Sarah—Why are they always nagging him?

Alvira—Because he's more learned than they and  
they're jealous.

Enter Joe Partout, hurriedly.

Joe—Where ees he?

All—Who?

Joe—King Strang.

Aunt Betsy—He has just been taken away.

Joe—Oh, zat ees too bad. I heard dey was after heem  
An' I came for to help heem.

Alvira—Then you are a friend to King Strang?

Joe—Oh, yes, he was good to me an' my Julie,  
An' now I'll be good to heem an' his wives.  
Are all of you wives of King Strang?

Alvira—We are all of us kin to King Strang—  
Spiritual helpmates and wives.

Joe—Well, by gosh, it is nice to be king—  
Lots of fine women an' plentee to eat,  
An' everyone ready to run when you call—  
I don't blame him for wanting de job.  
But now I mus' go an' help him escape;  
Dey won't put him in jail when Joe is aroun'.

He was good to my Julie an' me, an'  
So I'll be friendly wid him. *Bon soir.*

All—*Bon soir. Bon soir.*

Hulda—Heaven speed you, worthy friend,  
May God be with you to the end.  
(*Exeunt.*)

## SCENE II

Federal Court Room at Detroit

Judge Wilkins, Clerks, Jurors, Bailiffs, etc.

Judge—The next case is that of the government  
Versus King Strang. Is the defendant ready?

Strang—I am, Your Honor.

Judge—Where is counsel for the defense?

Strang—Attorneys are trouble makers, the less  
We have of them the better are we off.  
If it shall please the court, I prefer to  
Plead my own case, Your Honor.

Judge—                    It is well.  
You have that privilege under the law.  
Is the district attorney prepared to  
Go on with the case?

Dist. At.—I am, Your Honor.

Judge—Then proceed with the trial.

Dist. At.—

Your Honor,

The government charges the Mormon king  
Strang, with high crimes, misdemeanors  
and fraud.

He's indicted on twelve different counts:  
Among them the robbing of mails, the steal-  
ing

Of timber and lands, and the passing of  
Counterfeit coin of the realm. All of which  
Point to his guilt without shadow of doubt.  
Not a Gentile appears to protest it,  
While we can produce here from round-  
about towns

A host who will swear to his evil repute.  
All his band are but robbers and cut-  
throats—

They take many wives and countenance  
theft—

They murder, burn, pillage, steal and de-  
stroy,

And I charge in this court it is wholly  
Due to their ungodly creed and belief.

Judge, to Strang—What have you to say to the charge?

Strang—Two Gentiles I have who are willing to swear  
That Strang is an honorable man.

(Motions to Julie and Joe.)

Judge, to Joe—Are you a Mormon, sir?

Joe—No, no, I got only one wife.

Judge—Do you know the defendant, King Strang?

Joe—Yes, very well—he's a awful good man!

Judge, to Julie—Do you know King Strang?

Julie—Yes, I'm acquaint wid King Strang,  
An' I ask you for please let him go, 'cause  
I'm sure dat he never do wrong.

Judge, to Strang—The court is inclined in your  
Cause and will hear your reply to  
the state.

Strang—Your Honor,  
Persecution is my lot  
(And not prosecution), for righteousness'  
sake.  
The oppressed of the land have sought me for  
safety,  
And none were allowed to harm or molest;  
Now because I've protected my people,  
Behold, I am to be crushed by your laws!  
Is there any among you who would say:  
"Kill him, because he is good to his kin?"  
Alas! I am then as the Nazarene,  
And my oppressors are like to the scribes  
Who savagely hounded his steps.  
I am the leader of a righteous cause  
Upon the death of whose general, I,  
Prophet James, was forthwith called in his  
stead—  
I have endeavored to lengthen the cords  
And tried to strengthen the stakes of Zion—  
To carry out the order of Enoch  
In all of the beauty and fullness thereof—  
And thus glory do I bring to your state.



Is it for this you would cripple my arm?  
 Our fathers located in this far land  
 To establish freedom of speech and the press:  
 Shall we destroy all the blessings they fought  
 So valiantly to secure?  
 If so, I must weep for my cradle of birth.  
 Perhaps misdemeanors were practised  
 By some, but never with sanction of mine,  
 For I have always taught them that neither  
 Gunlock nor sword be lifted defiantly;  
 And the city of our God shall be saved  
 And the temple of his holiness shall be  
 Unpolluted by any of our foes.  
 No child was ever born out of wedlock  
 In the kingdom of St. James, while the  
     country  
 Of my opponents is overrun with  
 The fruit of illegitimate union.  
 The cloud which surrounds by day shall be-  
     wilder  
 And the pillar of fire by night shall consume  
 And reveal them to the whole of mankind.  
 I have banished whiskey, coffee and tea  
 And other evil products from our isle;  
 I have taught that men morally must be  
 Equal or superior to women.  
 Can ye say as much of the other creeds?  
 If ye shall find some tares among the wheat,  
 Would ye root up all the fruit of the field?  
 Perhaps evil has been done in my name,  
 But I swear to you, I am not guilty.  
 The federal complaint is prejudicial,  
 Malicious and weak, and therefore I ask,  
 If it please the Court, to set it aside  
 And allow me to go.

Judge—

The defendant is right. We cannot listen  
To prosecutions for religion's sake.  
The law guarantees to every man  
The right to believe as he shall elect  
And privilege to worship as he sees fit.  
Though sentiment be clearly against him,  
And he is shown in unfavorable light,  
The evidence cannot for that reason  
Prove to this court that Strang did any crime.  
Therefore we must, in the name of the law,  
Render unto the Mormon as we would  
To the Hindoo, the Gentile or the Jew,  
Full Justice, which under the statute must be  
To quash the indictment and let him go free.

(Congratulations to Strang as court adjourns.)

### SCENE III

The Johnson Home in Buffalo

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson. To them enter Esther.

Esther—Oh, Mother! Father! Two gentlemen named  
Strang and Douglass are conducting meet-  
ings

In the town and making many converts  
To the Mormon faith which they espouse. I  
Stepped into their meeting place as I was  
Coming home and both the men came up to  
Me and spoke in wondrous words about a  
Kingdom they have founded on an island.  
The one named Douglass is the most at-  
tractive  
Man I ever saw.

Mrs. J.—You shouldn't go into a place like that.  
The Mormons are a dangerous set.

Esther—Oh, mother, no, they're just as nice  
As they can be. I told them that perhaps  
You might be interested in their work,  
And forthwith they agreed to call. (A knock.)  
They're coming now.  
(She opens the door.)  
Enter Strang and "Charlie Douglas."

Good evening, Sirs,  
I welcome you. Here are my parents whom  
I spoke to you about. I wish that they  
Might hear your story.

Douglass—King Strang, the leader of our faith, will  
tell  
Your parents all about our island home.  
(To her aside)  
And while they're thus engaged I wish to  
speak  
To you alone.

Strang—Come to this table and I'll show you maps  
And give you reasons why St. James is sure  
To be a booming town.  
(Mr. and Mrs. Johnson accompany him to  
the table.)

Douglass to Esther—  
Promise me to go to Beaver Island  
For I cannot live without you any more.  
Since meeting you your face is ever on  
My mind. When I'm asleep and when awake

I only think of you. Oh, promise that  
You'll be my wife.  
Then flowers will bloom and birds will sing  
And there'll be no winter only spring.

Esther—I love you and I am willing to go,  
But cannot leave my parents here behind.  
If they will go with me I'll gladly join  
You at St. James.

Mr. J. to Strang—  
Yes, I think you are quite right about it.

Strang— What say you, Mrs. Johnson?  
Will you not join us in this land of promise—  
A land that truly flows with milk and honey—  
A haven of rest and peace and plenty?

Mrs. J.—I'm so afraid it would be a bad move.  
You have certainly pictured it fine but  
Smooth words are the consorts of deception.

Esther—Oh, mother, do not be afraid. I am  
Sure we'll be happier there.

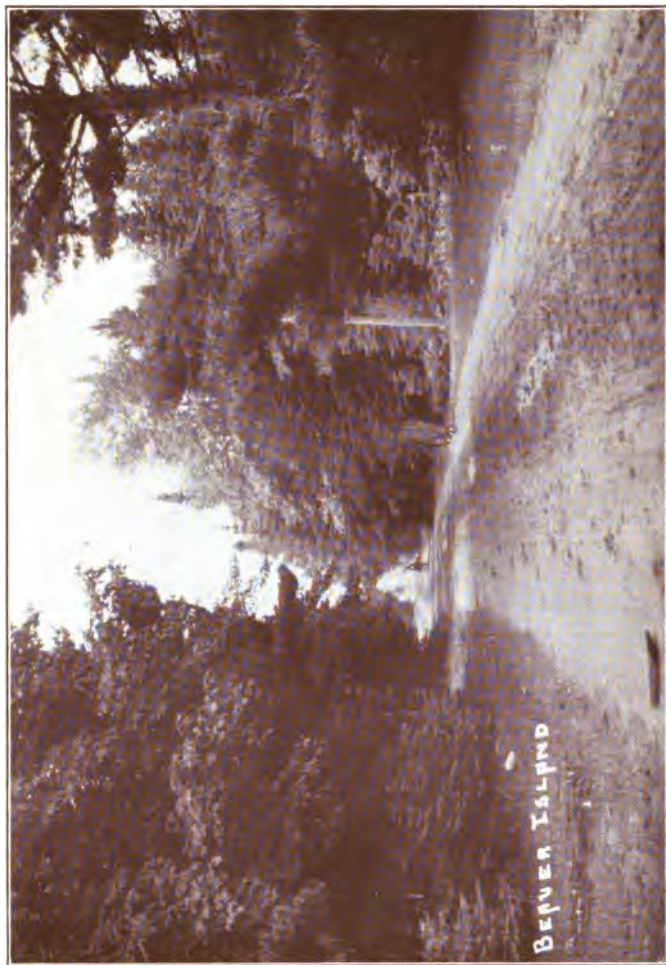
Mr. J.—Yes, Esther is right, we'll be happier there,—  
In the sweet freedom of a country home.

Mrs. J.—Very well, you can do as you please—  
I'll not stand in the way.

Esther— Oh, goody, good, good.  
(She and Douglass embrace).

Mr. J.—What will I do with my horses and buggies  
And all such cumbersome things?





"THE KING'S HIGHWAY"

Strang— Charter a boat and transport them.  
There are plenty of houses and farms for all—  
You shall have what you want for the asking.

Mr. J.— Then, mother, we'll take along  
Dickie and Bossy and Shephard—we won't  
Leave a creature behind. Life on a farm  
Will be better than staying in town.

Strang—So now it is settled, we'll watch for you soon.

Mr. J.—As soon as our things can be shipped.

Strang—Very well, you will have a royal welcome, be  
sure.  
Come, Charlie, it's time we must go.  
(Exeunt.)

#### SCENE IV

A room in McCullough's castle

Mrs. McCullough, Mrs. Bedford, Mrs. Wentworth,  
Mrs. Scott

All sing—O, who that has search'd the records of old,  
And read the last scenes of distress;  
Four and twenty were left, who with Mor-  
mon beheld,  
While Jehova the faithful did bless.

Enter Bedford and Wentworth, excitedly.

Bed.—The king is free and is now on his way home.

Went.—They say with great display of wit he quite  
O'ercame the judge and made the court crowd  
puppets  
Of his will.

Mrs. Mc.— What now will become of us?  
He will be more obdurate than ever.

Mrs. Bed.— You've little reason to complain,  
Being one of his most docile subjects,  
Wearing bloomers and your hair cut short  
in  
Obedience to his ridiculous commands.

Mrs. McC.— Oh, I do it just for fun—  
So's not to be different from the rest.

Mrs. Bed.—You'll not catch me doing anything like  
that  
For fun or any other reason.

Enter Strang and Douglass.

Strang— Here again you see your king,  
Safe and sound just as he promised to return.  
All the Gentile cohorts do not have the  
Power to harm one hair of King Strang's  
head.  
I am more fearful of the evil here  
In my own kingdom—what is this I see?  
Sister Bedford wearing skirts that reach the  
ground!  
Go take them off at once and put on bloomers!

Mrs. Bedford— I'll not do it.



Strang— Bedford,  
You must make your wife obey the king.

Bedford— Hang the king!  
My wife is in the right and I uphold  
Her in it.

All the women— So do we!  
And we will not approve polygamy.  
(Exeunt.)

Strang—to Douglass— Charlie,  
Go and bring Apostles John and Isaac.  
I shall have my orders carried out though  
I wade ankle deep in blood to do it.  
Bedford, you shall answer to me for this,  
And Wentworth, remember that your wife  
and  
I are to be spiritually sealed  
Before another month.

Went.—And *you* remember that before  
A month King Strang or I will not be here.

Strang— Begone, you dogs!  
I've often heard men talk like that before.  
(Exeunt Bedford and Went.)

What is it people call success?  
Just now I was the idol of the hour—  
I held the hosts of vile intolerance  
At bay and dreamed to be revered at home,  
Yet here I find but traitors all around  
I cannot be in every place at once,  
And where I cannot be I'm needed most  
Oh, Mary, how I need your counsels wise.

Enter Isaac and John.

Here you are, who sought for rest and found  
it not  
Until I picked you up, placed you at the  
Head of my Destroying Angels and now  
Ask you but to be faithful in return.  
Are you ready for the work?

Both—We are.

Strang— Then listen what I have to say:  
When my wish is sought and followed all is  
well.  
Ye were chosen as the captains, being  
Brothers, in strife more likely to be loyal,  
The leaders of the Illuminati—  
So far have kept the secrets of the order.  
In you I trust. Tonight you seize the traitor  
Bedford, conduct him to the whipping post  
And give him forty lashes less but one.  
Now hear me for my word is law in this:  
No sacrifice too great; no crime too bold,  
If it should be commanded by the king.  
It is no crime—"The king can do no wrong."  
If you shall fail, yourselves must undergo  
The cruel penalty known only to  
The Order of Illuminati. Go!  
And thus chastise the enemies of Strang  
And make his subjects fear his wrath.  
(Exeunt.)

SCENE V

A room in Mary's home

Mary, Adams, McCullough

Mary—You say the king is tott'ring on his throne?

Adams—       Aye, Madam, the kingdom  
                  At St. James is near the verge of ruin,  
                  All owing to your husband's evil schemes.  
                  Rebellion has now broken out among  
                  His subjects and the Gentiles press him hard.

Mary—       Poor man!  
                  Yet this is what I feared, for he who would  
                  Misquote the word of God for lustful gain  
                  Will end at last in ruin.

McC.—       Indeed, you speak the truth.  
                  The end began when he declared in open  
                  Church in favor of polygamy and  
                  Took a second wife. And now his favorites  
                  Number four.

Mary—Four! In heaven's name, has he no sense of  
                  shame?

Adams—       And fourteen others  
                  He declares are sealed to him in spirit.

Mary—       Oh, horrors!  
                  I pray, recite no more—it makes me sick.

Adams—        Madam, though 'tis sad,  
The half has not been told and we are come  
Soliciting your aid to fight the wretch  
And set our people free.

Mary—        Already I have rescued  
Several souls at peril of my life.  
Two girls whom I was told had been decoyed  
Into St. James I did pursue and warn.  
Disguised as red men we escaped from him;  
To have been found would presage certain  
death.  
I also burned his robes one day when he  
Had left the isle to tour the east in search  
Of whom he might deceive with Charley  
Douglass.  
Not in revenge did I this act, but in  
The hopes of showing him the righteous path.  
What further aid would you request?

Adams— 'Tis admirable what you have done, but  
He must be deposed—we need another king.  
You have the means to punish him and  
through  
The civil process of the courts to place  
The rake behind the prison bars.

Mary—        I think one king is quite enough.  
While I do not approve what he has done,  
He is my lawful mate whom I still hope  
Will live to see the error of his way.  
I would not enter into any scheme  
To do him harm.

McC.—But he has injured you and ev'ry day  
He only heaps more sorrow on your head.

Mary— It matters not. If he has done a wrong  
I cannot make it right by doing wrong myself.

Adams— You are indeed a noble wife.  
As such you understand the love and faith  
Of wives and mothers everywhere. For  
those  
Of our fair isle we ask you to consent  
To this demand: Give us the right to start  
An action in your name.

Mary—Nay Nay! He is the father of two sons.  
I'll not disgrace his name nor yet attempt  
To place his kingdom in the hands of others.  
You are conspired 'gainst him, and being  
Willing tools at first, are rankest traitors now.  
If God shall will that Strang must fall I hope  
His kingdom crumbles with him.

(Exit.)

Adams—It is no use, McCullough.  
If Strang could not convince her black is  
white,  
No chance can favor us.

McC.— Again you're right.  
If all the women were as firm as she  
We'd have a better world.

Adams— And fewer wives apiece.  
McCullough, she is more a queen today  
Than any man is king.

(Exeunt.)

## SCENE VI

St. James. A street

Enter Strang and Isaac

Isaac—Know ye not that we are in the hands of God?  
Know ye not that he hath every power?  
At his command the earth shall roll together  
As it were a scroll. O, King, the Lord has  
Kept his blessings which his people should enjoy,  
To give the Gentiles who possess the land.

Strang—Why speak ye of such things as these?

Isaac— I'm sore distressed,  
For in a dream I saw our leader slain;  
And the Gentiles came to battle 'gainst us,  
And we were spread like chaff before the wind.  
Alas! may this not come to pass.

Strang— O, foolish man!  
I'm proof against the vile assassin's knife,  
And bullets cannot harm your fearless king.  
Cease then thy worthless talk. Was Bedford  
thrashed  
As I commanded?

Isaac—Aye, soundly, Sire.  
Forty lashes and three more to make him  
Long retain remembrance of his folly.

Strang— Disobedient knave!  
The number I commanded were enough.  
Therefore repent, lest I come out against thee.

Enter messenger.

What's wanted?

Mess.—The captain of the lake marines  
Requests your presence on his ship.

Strang— Another plot. Ah, well,  
To forstall further trouble I will go.  
(Exit.)

Enter Bedford and Wentworth.

Bed.—There goes an officer with orders from  
The "Michigan" for Strang to go on board.  
We'll hide behind this pile of wood and shoot  
Him as he passes.

Went.— What! Shoot him in the back?

Bed.— Why, yes. Why not?

Went.— That would be cowardly.

Bed.— But not as bad as what he did to us.  
My back's still sore from flogging he com-  
manded;  
He did not boldly seek your wife's affections,  
But he practised his designs behind your back—  
And in the back such dastards should be punc-  
tured.  
Besides, 'tis safer. I've practised well and  
Cannot miss.

Went.—Then in the back we'll shoot him. Stand!  
There he comes!

Strang—I think this is McCullough's work.  
The fool would step into my shoes and says  
He'll fight me to the death. Ha, ha, I do  
Not fear such cowards. I have his money—  
Ten thousand dollars—now let him do his  
worst.  
Besides his wife is steadfast in the faith—

Bedford and Wentworth fire. Strang falls.

Went.— Run for the ship, Bedford,  
And be quick—the government will protect us.

Enter Isaac and John, hurriedly.

Isaac—Several shots were fired!

John, stooping—The king is weltering in his blood.

Isaac—Who did this deed?  
To the ship! The murderers must not escape!

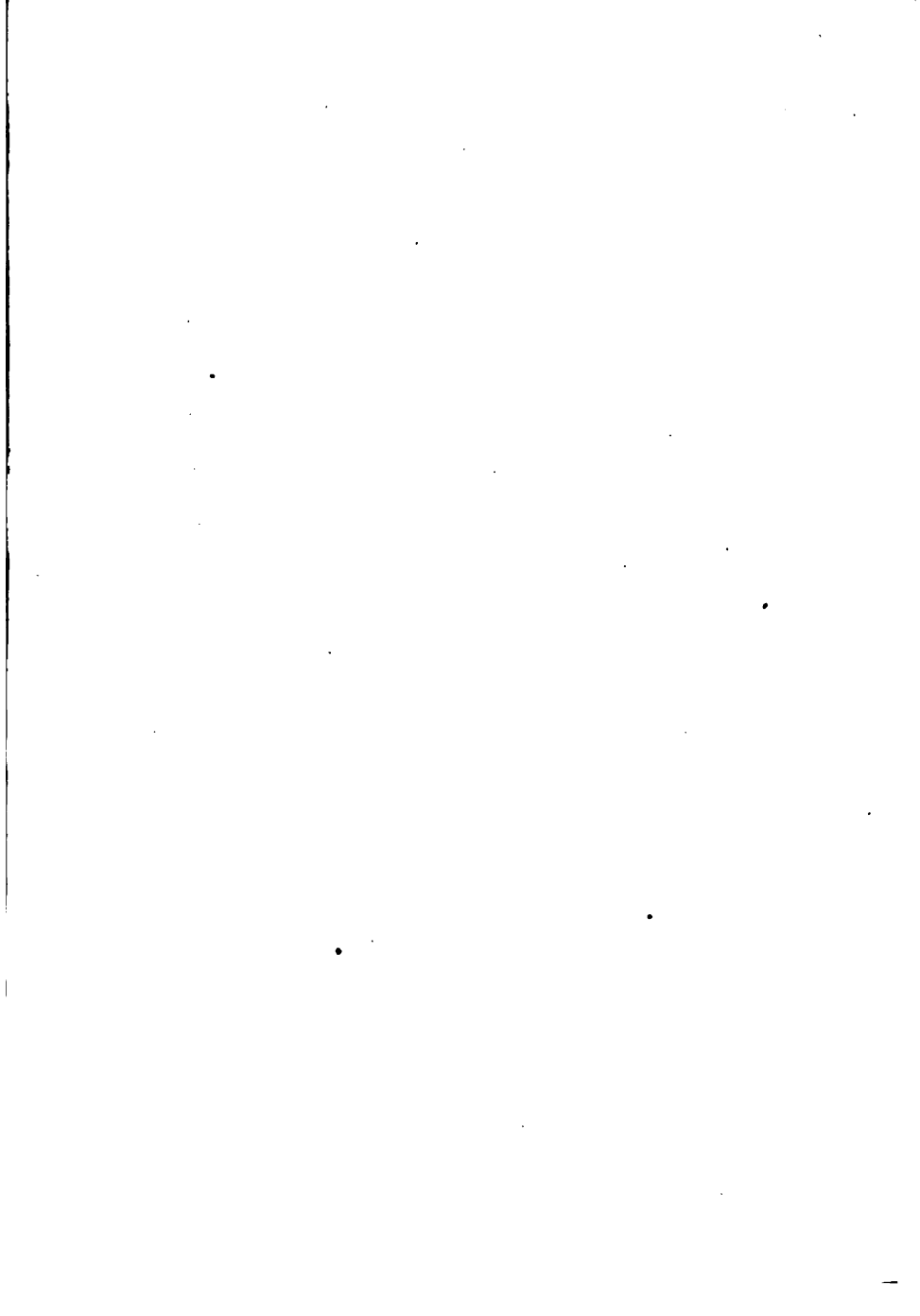
Enter Capt. Bullis with marines.

Bullis— You cannot go aboard my ship!  
They have surrendered to the U. S. A.  
And I'll protect them.

Enter several Mormons in excitement.

First Mor.— The king is shot!







### STREET SCENE AT ST. JAMES

The cross indicates the old Mormon printing office in front of which King Strang was shot June 20, 1856.

Second Mor.—The spirit of the Lord has ceased to  
strive with us.  
The king is murdered!

Third Mor.— The king is shot!  
Now must his children perish and ven-  
geance  
Be upon the land. Save us, O Lord,  
save  
Thy children.

All—Woe is me! Woe is me! The king is shot!

McCullough, examining the wounds—  
The king must die,  
Who taught you he was proof against all harm.  
He is no greater than the rest—just common  
Flesh and blood. And now we'll choose another  
king!

Curtain.

## ACT III

### SCENE I

A room in Strang's palace

Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Campbell

Mrs. Scott, reading—  
For once we were a delightful people,  
But now like a vessel on the waters,  
Without anchor or sail or anything  
Wherewith to steer.

Enter Alvira.

What message from the sick room, dear?

Alvira—The doctor thinks the king's no better.  
He asks for Mary, pleading all the time,  
And says the rest are nothing to him now.  
He wants to die in Mary's arms and begs  
That he be taken to her home at once.  
The doctor told him that he cannot move him,  
But he piteously pleads and promises  
He'll bear it all if they but let him go.  
I think myself it's best that he should see her  
Even tho' the rest say no.

Mrs. Scott—Why, certainly, they ought to take him  
to her.

Mrs. Campbell—I heard that Adams and McCullough  
were  
The ones who instigated King Strang's death;  
They both would like to wear a monarch's  
crown.

Mrs. Scott— Yes, so 'tis said; but  
'Twill do no good for they have fallen out,  
And Adams with a few blind tools has  
gone  
In search of thrones and crowns in distant  
lands,  
While Mac is hated worse than Strang at  
home  
And by the Gentiles whom he stirred to  
strife  
He is despised for treachery.

Enter nurse.

Mrs. Campbell— Are there no further hopes?

Nurse— He pleaded so to  
Have us take him to his first wife Mary  
That the doctor finally gave consent.  
Such looks of happiness then wreathed his  
face  
It seemed he would rise up and run to her,  
Although he's badly wounded and 'tis claimed  
He cannot live beyond two weeks at most.  
We all cried at the bedside when he said:  
"I know she will forgive me. Now I'll die  
In peace because I'm going home to Mary."

Alvira— I hope he'll reach her ere he dies.  
His other wives are nothing to him now.  
They all are ready to depart but me  
And I can plainly see that Mary is  
The only one to comfort him in death.

Mrs. Scott—Quite right, and I am glad you see the  
truth.  
Let's go and pray and offer cheering  
words.

(Exeunt Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Campbell and nurse.)

Enter Esther.

Esther—What can it mean? Who is it I see?  
Oh, let my eyes deceive me rather than  
Be wronged so cruelly. Speak out and say  
I am mistaken. Say I'm blind—

Alvira—                    You're not  
Mistaken for I am Charlie Douglass.  
In what you hoped that I should be to you  
You are deceived, but do not hold it now  
Against me. Our king is dying and my  
Sorrow and distress doth match your own.

Esther—This is the saddest moment of my life.  
I heard the truth, but could not make myself  
Believe until I saw it with my eyes.  
It cannot be—I know that I am mad!  
Oh, this is grief too great for me to bear;  
And yet I share the sorrow of the rest  
And do lament the murder of King Strang.  
I wish my mother's counsels had prevailed—  
We would not now be helpless in this trap.  
Our property is gone—our home—and worst  
Of all our faith. Everything is lost.

Alvira—                    Yes, dear child,  
It does look dark, but had he not been slain  
I'm sure none could complain. Compose your-  
self;  
You have a friend more precious than all else.  
Mere men and lovers often prove untrue—  
The only one to tie to is your mother.  
(Exit.)

Esther—If Strang was known to be magnetic, his  
Second wife disguised was irresistible.  
I cannot be much blamed. Strang held do-  
minion  
Over some, but Douglass was in truth the  
King of Hearts.  
(Exit.)

SCENE II

A room in Mary's house

A knock is heard and Mary opens the door

Enter messenger.

Messenger—        Madam, King Strang was  
                         Wounded at St. James by two dissenters.  
                         He comes to you in a precarious state  
                         And asks if you will let him in.

Mary—                What news is this  
                         You bring? My husband wounded and in a  
                         Serious state! Yes, show him here at once.

Mess.—                I'll go and give the word.        (Exit.)

Mary—                Alas, the deed is done! I knew  
                         The wrath of God would be upon his head.  
                         No traitor's steel has pierced this breast  
                         But I have suffered world's of pain. Oh, how  
                         My heart does bleed.

Enter Strang, supported by aids.

My husband!

Strang, embracing her—    Mary, Oh, I am so  
                         Weary, but this welcome gives me rest.





Mary, kneeling—                    He is at rest.  
May the Lord receive his spirit and forgive  
His trespasses.

### SCENE III

St. James. A street

Isaac, to him enter John.

Isaac—                    All is lost!  
As was foretold the kingdom will dissolve  
And ev'ry one will have to leave the isle.  
The work of all these years will go for  
naught—  
All goods left to the mercy of the mob.

John—                    Then have you seen the king?

Isaac—                    Yes, just before  
They moved him I was summoned to his side.  
He gave instructions how to run the state,  
And when I said the Gentiles were advancing  
Toward St. James with grave and direful  
threats,  
He commanded that our leaders who are  
Most obnoxious to his foes should leave the isle  
And thinks, that done, the kingdom will be  
saved.

John—And are you not of like opinion?

Isaac—                    No, no, there is no hope.  
The Gentiles are determined to expel  
All persons who adhere to Mormon faith.

McCullough's with them giving aid and comfort

To the foe. He hopes thereby to save those  
Loyal to him and his own worthless neck,  
And then expects that they will make him king.  
Already many who refused to go  
Have been o'ercome and forced to flee for  
safety.

We must prepare to leave as best we can—  
There is no time to lose—I hear their shouts  
Of triumph now!

Enter McCullough and several Mormons, running.

First Mor.—An angry mob well armed o'erruns the  
street;

The tabernacle has been set on fire;  
The stores are rifled and the harbor shore  
Looks like an open fair.

2nd Mor.—Our men and women march like cattle to  
The slaughter. All must take the boat to-  
night

And leave the isle and everything behind.  
What shall we do?

Isaac—We'll ask for mercy—we're not prepared to  
fight.

But tell me why McCullough's running so?  
He's surely not afraid of friends.

First Mor.—

Why, yes;  
They said if he was loyal to the faith  
He'd have to travel with the rest.

Isaac—And does he call himself a Mormon still?

First Mor.—Why, certainly, he wants to be our king.

Isaac—                    Alas!  
A traitor has no place on either side:  
His former friends will not confide in him.  
And those who buy him will not trust his word.

Enter armed Gentiles, led by Arch Newton.

Newton—          I command you to surrender,  
And to take the boat at once, which will land  
You anywhere you wish along the lake.

Isaac—We have a right to stay within the kingdom  
Founded by us with much work and pains.

Newton—          Your labor was against  
The spirit of our country and the state.  
The laws will not permit a kingdom to  
Exist within the confines of our land.  
You must obey my orders or be treated  
As enemies of Uncle Sam.  
I've asked my followers to be as gentle  
As they can, but at the least resistance  
I cannot promise that you will be safe.

Isaac—May we then take our property along?

Newton—          Take what you can.  
But since your sect located on this isle  
The Gentiles of the land have suffered so  
I fear they'll ask you double pay.

First Gen.— Yes, d—m the Mormons!  
We'll make 'em sweat for what they did  
to us.

2nd Gen.— We want back what  
They stole. They're nothing but a gang of  
thieves.

McCullough— Must I and all  
My friends who gave assistance to your  
cause  
Be thus outrageously expelled?

Newton— Yes, not a Mormon  
Shall remain upon this isle, 'tis dangerous  
To the commonwealth. Come, you must  
move away—

No divine rights of kings in the U. S. A.  
Mormons file out, followed by Gentiles, the band play-  
ing national airs.

(Finis.)

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